The Nation

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The Week

It is now clear that the Democratic leaders in the House do not propose to bring up at this session the Constitutional amendment fixing the term of the President at six years, without eligibility for another election. The ostensible reason is lack of time. With so many important matters crowding for consideration these last weeks, those in control are reluctant to give up the two or three days that would be necessary to discuss and adopt the amendment. But the real reasons are scarcely concealed. The Democrats are unwilling to accept an amendment which would explicitly rule out the possibility of another candidacy for Mr. Roosevelt. The shameless creatures say that he put their party in power last year, and that they are counting upon his doing it again in 1916. Anyhow, they are not going to be such fools as to prevent a split in the ranks of their opponents. Such a course in regard to the amendment would certainly test the long-suffering of the Progressives. They denounced the original form of the amendment as an outrage; but its abandonment, for the reason given, would be an insult.

It is plain that Mr. Taft is fully conscious of the importance that will attach to his action in approving or vetoing the Immigration bill now before him. Last Friday's hearing at the White House took on the form almost of a judicial proceeding, and the President has rounded out the oral pleas with a study of formal briefs submitted on both sides. The momentous nature of the proposed legislation consists in this fact, that for the first time the principle, not of the regulation of immigration, but of the restriction of immigration, is to be made the policy of the land. Little pretence is made that the literacy test in the bill is really intended as a qualifying test. Its aim is not to sift out, but to shut out. The sifting process is accepted by the advocates of the bill because the country is evidently not prepared for a policy of downright exclusion; but it is a concession accepted with the plain hope of larger things to come. There is no need here to point out once more how the reading test, in so far as it operates as a restrictive measure, will run heavily against a class of sturdy immigrants whom this country can ill spare. The salient point to-day is that, with this reading test put into the law of the land, the writing test and other onerous sifting and restricting processes will not be slow in forthcoming. Mr. Taft may well hesitate before he associates his name with the breaking of a great American tradition.

To whom will go the benefit accruing from toll-exemption in the Panama Canal? Prof. Emory R. Johnson made this point plain in his address of last week before the City Club of Chicago. If patriotism demands that we repudiate our international agreements, it is a patriotism that drapes its protecting folds over the coastwise steamship lines exclusively:

> Only such producers and traders as use vessels which they own or charter for the shipment of full cargoes will profit by the exemption of the coastwise shipping from tolls. Probably 99 out of every 100 shippers will pay the same rates whether there be tolls or not. The rates charged by the several steamship lines will be the same. The charges will be regulated by agreements among the competing companies and will be fixed primarily with reference to what the traffic will bear, and only secondarily, if at all, with reference to the cost of the service to the carriers.

True to the type of protective and bounty legislation, toll-exemption is the kind of patriotism that cherishes one per cent. of the people at the expense of the ninety-nine.

Apart from complexities of detail, the question before the House of Representatives on Saturday, when it passed the Webb Liquor-Shipment bill, was whether the Federal Government should or should not create avoidable difficulties in the enforcement of State laws prohibiting the sale of liquor. Whether the Webb bill is, in any particular, open to Constitutional objection, or whether in any respect it goes too far, we are not prepared to say positively; but it appears to have been carefully drawn to accomplish its professed object—namely, coöperation between the power that controls interstate commerce and the power that controls sales within a State in carrying out its legitimate purposes. However strong may be one's own objections to prohibition, they furnish no just ground for opposition to a bill of this kind. If the State has a right to enact a law prohibiting the sale of liquor within its boundaries, it is absurd for the Union of States to put factitious obstacles in the way of the enforcement of the law.

Despite a vigorous agitation in the newspapers, only one-fourth of Cleveland's 100,000 voters went to the polls last week to register their desires regarding a new charter for the city. However, as three-fourths of those who did go voted in favor of a commission to draft a new plan of government, Mayor Baker and his associates will proceed with the work of framing a charter to give Cleveland home rule. The new charter will have to be submitted to a popular vote. Tuesday's election was the first to be held in an Ohio city under the amendment passed last autumn permitting cities to adopt a home-rule charter. The fight in Cleveland goes back a dozen years to Tom Johnson's time, but in its latest phase it is non-partisan, the Committee of Nine which named the ticket of fifteen commissioners being made up of representatives of all parties, and the fifteen successful candidates for the commission having received the endorsement of the Democratic, Republican, and Progressive leaders. There was an opposition ticket, but it, too, was non-partisan. It represented those who desired more specific pledges concerning the exact form of charter that should be drafted. The result, even in the face of the small vote cast, and of the fact that fifteen hundred city employees spent part of the day working for the successful ticket at the polls, is one more tribute to the continuing influence of Tom Johnson in what is now the sixth city in the country.

It appears that there is, even in education, an irreducible minimum. The revival of the old-fashioned spelling bee,

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of which one reads now and then, points in this direction, and the same conclusion is reached by a Western advertising man, who calls for night spelling schools for artists. His use of the term "artist" is a trifle loose, perhaps, but this does not weaken the force of his assertions. He is gravely troubled by the amount of bad spelling that is offered to him in the course of his day's work. He goes so far as to say that he thinks that not one "artist" in ten can spell correctly. His own staff seems to be a unit in putting *i* before *e* whenever *e* should come before *i*. "Show me," he exclaims, "an artist who can spell 'separate' correctly." And he winds up with a harrowing tale of a drawing of some articles of food, under which the designer had carefully written "stake," and which, when the advertising man returned it with a blue ring around the offending word, was slightly altered by the "artist" and re-labelled "ham and eggs." But was not the possession of such ingenuity worth all the spelling-books ever written?

The tragedy of the Antarctic has shocked the world. Hitherto seekers for the South Pole have fared far better than those adventurers who risked their lives to achieve the Farthest North. No such loss of life is recorded in the annals of the Southern ice-world as is now reported. And what makes it the more affecting is the fact that Capt. Scott and his comrades, who perished so pitifully, had started their brave dash to the pole —in ignorance that Capt. Amundsen had preceded them by a month. To perish in the hour of what must have been a wonderful triumph is tragic indeed. Now, it is to be hoped, there will be no more such undertakings; future exploration, Arctic or Antarctic, ought to be devoid of the spectacular. The slow, careful progress of the expert investigator interested more in the scientific results of his expedition than in anything else is what the world needs. To nothing else should individuals or governments contribute. But we mean no criticism of Capt. Scott by this. He will rank high among the great explorers, for he showed himself worthy of the best British traditions, and of the navy of which he was such an ornament. Moreover, all of his expeditions resulted in great scientific gains and important additions to the sum of human knowledge.

The pursuit of William Rockefeller by the Pujo Committee was conducted amidst public bewilderment and has terminated amidst something like general disgust. It has been an open secret in well-informed circles that any information Mr. Untermyer could hope to elicit from Mr. Rockefeller he could have obtained better from other sources. Or if Mr. Rockefeller's testimony was imperative, his statements could have been had in the form of a written deposition in reply to such questions as the Pujo Committee might have seen fit to frame. Of a prolonged examination on the stand, such as other prominent witnesses before the Committee have been subjected to, there could have been no question in the case of Mr. Rockefeller. It was agreed on all sides that the state of his health made such a thing impossible. If the Committee and its counsel were after the rather easy glory involved in baiting a Rockefeller, they have found themselves sadly disappointed. They have no excuse for a piece of cruel and inhuman treatment.

It has been sometimes suspected that Harvard athletes now and then let their thoughts turn lightly to the hope of beating Yale; that there are men at Yale who occasionally ponder over the desirability of winning from Princeton; and that at Princeton similar vague aspirations will formulate themselves ever and anon with regard to Yale and Harvard. It has remained for the Cambridge athletic authorities to set down in unmistakable terms what has hitherto been merely a suspicion. In explaining why Dartmouth has been dropped from Harvard's football schedule for the coming season, the *Alumni Bulletin* says:

> The reasons which have convinced our football committee that it would be unwise to play a game with Dartmouth next year are simple and are not new. The chief ambition of Harvard in intercollegiate sport is to win its contests with Yale, and the schedules in football, baseball, track, and rowing are made up with that object always in view.

The undergraduate at our great universities is plainly never beset with the question eternal, "Why am I here?" Whether at Princeton, New Haven, or Cambridge, he knows the one divine, far-off event to which the whole creation moves.

The Washington authorities have thus far assumed a perfectly correct attitude towards the revolution in Mexico. They have sent warships to either Mexican coast, for the purpose of affording protection and relief, if needed, to American citizens; and are doubtless taking counsel as to what steps may be necessary if things go from bad to worse in Mexico. And the press, in general, displays a similar temper of patience and forbearance. One editor, indeed, who is supposed to have private reasons for desiring American intervention, seizes the opportunity to denounce President Taft as "laggard and chicken-hearted" for not at once declaring war on Mexico, and asks if, in case it were a question before the English Government, "English warships would not be already bombarding Vera Cruz."

If proof were needed that the literary spirit does not necessarily induce effeminacy, it would be supplied by Indiana. Vice-President Marshall's first act of importance relating to Washington is not, as might hastily have been assumed, the naming of a guard of honor consisting of the Hundred Hoosier Immortals, but the obtaining of a place in the inaugural procession for the Black Squadron of Indiana. Let the Rough Riders look to their laurels. But this is not the most convincing evidence of Indiana's martial ardor. The State, it appears, has already begun to mobilize for our second war with Mexico. "I expect," says Adjt.-Gen. McCoy, in tones that scarcely tremble, "the Indiana militia to be called to Mexico at any time after March 4." If they are, need we say that the glories of Resaca de la Palma and Chapultepec will be surpassed? With Gen. James Whitcomb Riley leading one wing, Gen. Booth Tarkington the other, and Gen. McCoy waving his sword menacingly in front of the advancing host, much blood and time will be saved by a prompt surrender of the Mexican armies *en masse*.

It is highly satisfactory, but not in the least surprising, to learn that the allegations of a corrupt relation between eminent members of the British Ministry and the Marconi Company have turned out to be pure guesswork. They

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have been acknowledged by their disseminator to be wholly baseless. W. R. Lawson, the journalist, who is responsible for this wanton scandal, confessed before the Parliamentary committee of inquiry "that he had no knowledge to justify these allegations. He said he had heard stories in the city, but had not taken the trouble to investigate them." It would be pleasant to be able to look forward to a similar wind-up of the villanous charges made by yellow journalists in New York against upright public servants. Every decent citizen must share the feelings expressed by Controller Prendergast in regard to the poster-type headlines—"Subway Stealers in Court" and the like—in the *Journal* and the *American*. "The man who owns that newspaper," Mr. Prendergast declared, "is aware that those allegations are false." Does any man with a particle of sense doubt it? But nobody indulges the hope, in this country, that a Hearst or a Brisbane may ever be got to confess the baselessness of his unscrupulous accusations.

The British and German press agree in accepting the speech delivered by Admiral von Tirpitz before the Budget Committee of the Reichstag as a distinct expression of good will towards Great Britain and of Germany's readiness to enter into something like an agreement for the limitation of naval armaments. These two things, limitation of armaments and Anglo-German good will, are not necessarily synonymous. It is imaginable that the two nations, exhausted by a prolonged battleship competition, might agree upon a stated ratio of shipbuilding without making any approach towards greater friendliness. On the part of Germany, in fact, one might expect an increase of rancor arising out of the forced and formal acceptance of second place to Great Britain on the sea, as a substitute for the present haughty programme of a navy limited only by Germany's needs. But evidently to-day the desire for a limitation of naval expenditure does go hand in hand with a greater friendliness between the two nations. That such pleasant relations should have arisen out of the stress and fears of the Balkan crisis is yet another blow for the fearfully shattered reputations of the political prophets—who will continue to prophesy.

The Kaiser and the members of his General Staff may not be as mortified as one would suppose over the joke played on the Strassburg garrison by a lunatic with a fertile imagination. Now, as during the famous affair at Köpenick, the world may have its laugh at the rigidity of German military discipline, but after the fun subsides it must be a very solid satisfaction to the War Lord to know that his troops do stand ready to obey orders at a moment's notice and unquestioning. It is like the recent "regrettable" error in one of the frontier Departments of France, where a partial mobilization was set on foot because of a misinterpretation of orders. The alacrity with which the recruits rallied to their colors was commented upon with satisfaction throughout France, and the various officials implicated in the affair were duly—rewarded. Students of racial psychology may find in the Strassburg and Köpenick affairs what is supposed to be a characteristic manifestation of the German temperament. The Teutonic humor, to the outside world, is apt to have a massive tread. At least, the French are fond of saying that if a German wants to be gay he climbs up on the table. There certainly is something of Gothic dimensions about a practical joke like setting a whole garrison by the ears by means of a forged telegram under the Imperial signature; something almost *kolossal*.

The recent international congress of coöperative societies at Tours ratified the agreement effected some months before among the several groups of French coöperative societies. As this brings together producers or manufacturers as well as consumers, it may have some economic effect. The movement was of socialistic origin, though it was disavowed later by Socialist leaders. Robert Owen, who founded the coöperative movement in England, conceived of it as part of his communistic scheme, and it has grown until there are more than 1,500,000 members operating chains of shops, factories, and even means of transportation. Coöperative societies for production were established in France by 1848. In Germany the movement was vigorously opposed by Lasalle. He was willing to accept coöperation as a means of production, but could see no good in it as a method of distribution. Karl Marx and his followers spoke of the coöperative plans as "little bourgeois" methods of rose-water reformers. Subsequent development of coöperation on the Continent as well as in Great Britain wrought a change in the attitude of the Socialists of the second generation. In the first decade of this century coöperation in Germany had an enormous growth, the two principal groups acquiring a membership of 1,660,000. And in 1910, at Copenhagen, the Socialists declared in favor of a movement which had been condemned by the party's early leaders. An effort to keep the coöperative societies out of politics was made in Switzerland by Dr. Hans Müller, secretary of the Sociétés de Consommation, who declared: "The war of the classes constitutes for cooperation an element of decomposition, a kind of anti-coöperative dynamite."

An occasional outbreak of rioting in Tokio serves to modify the prevalent conception of superhuman Japanese loyalty. The last occasion on which popular discontent in Japan found expression in violence was in the early autumn of 1905. Oddly enough, the public demonstrations at that time were directed against the same man as to-day, Prince, or as he was then, Count Katsura, head of the Cabinet. But the animating cause to-day is different. In 1905 the people of Tokio protested against what they regarded as the betrayal of the national interests in the signing of the treaty of peace with Russia. The militarist spirit, swollen by a series of magnificent victories, ran high. A dazzling horizon of foreign conquest had been revealed, and the actual results of the war came as a disappointment. To-day the people of Tokio have forced the resignation of Prince Katsura because he stands forth as the representative of the militarist and oligarchic spirit in the government. He advocated an aggressive foreign policy, necessitating an increase in armaments, and was willing to override a majority of the elected representatives of the people. But he had overestimated his strength. In accepting the resignation of the Katsura Cabinet and sending for Marquis Saionji, who was forced out of office only a few weeks ago by militarist pressure and by the influence of the elder statesmen, the new Emperor has made a distinct concession to the principle of representative government.

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BRYAN AS SECRETARY OF STATE.

Rumors about President Wilson's Cabinet are still only rumors, but in one point they all agree. Mr. Bryan is to be, or at least is to be asked to be, Secretary of State. The presumption that this is true is strong enough to warrant considering what would be involved in such an offer and its acceptance.

First of all, how would Bryan's appointment relate itself to Mr. Wilson himself? Obviously, it would at once lay him open to a charge of surface inconsistency, or else of having radically changed his mind about Mr. Bryan. It is less than six years ago that Woodrow Wilson wrote to Adrian Joline: "Would that we could do something, at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan once for all into a cocked hat!" Memory of that saying could not fail to rise like a ghost at the Cabinet table, with Wilson at its head and Bryan at his right hand. There would doubtless be some to recall the saying of Hosea Biglow: "Formaly to knock a man into a cocked hat wus to use him up, but now it ony gives him a chance fur the cheef madgustracy."

But this, when all is said, is only matter for passing laughter. The newspaper wits would soon leave off their flings on this score. Mr. Wilson might frankly say that his opinion of Bryan is not what it was in 1907. He has, in fact, already said so. He might also point to the long precedent which lays the tacit obligation upon a President-elect to invite to his counsels men of great prominence in his party. The initial and personal awkwardness of President Wilson's placing Mr. Bryan in charge of the State Department could be got over quickly. Behind that, however, would lie questions much more nearly touching the new President's comfort. How would he and the former leader of the Democratic party work together in harness? Would Mr. Bryan pledge himself loyally to good team-play? Would he surrender his political ambitions? President Polk insisted that Buchanan, before becoming *his* Secretary of State, should agree to resign the office if at any time he should desire to be a Presidential candidate. No one supposes that Wilson would make such a demand of Bryan. But he would certainly be right in seeking assurances that Bryan would enter the Cabinet in a spirit of hearty coöperation and due subordination. It is probable that Bryan would volunteer such assurances. Blaine did to Garfield. In any case, Bryan must by now know Wilson well enough to be convinced that, all questions of official propriety aside, the new President will be master in his own house. So far as important matters of foreign policy are concerned, every President has to be his own Secretary of State. Wilson could never be called upon to edit Bryan's diplomatic papers any more severely than Lincoln did Seward's. For the rest, it is certain that no great question could come before the Cabinet on which the President would not insist upon having the deciding voice, and in regard to which the Secretary of State would not see the necessity of conceding that or else of giving up his portfolio.

There remains, however, the whole question of Bryan's fitness for the office, and of the impression which would be made, at home and abroad, by his taking it. On this point, the *Nation* has no intention to apply the "recall" to the judgment of Bryan which it has been many years forming and expressing. We still regard his as a flighty and unstable nature. He is more of an agitator than a statesman. There is serious doubt whether he has the ability or the persistence to buckle down to the wearisome routine and endless labors of a great executive department. The platform and the crowd would always be calling to him at his desk. But we have always perceived and admitted some excellent qualities in Mr. Bryan, and certain of them are of the kind which ought to be possessed by a Secretary of State.

Mr. Bryan knows something of the outside world. He has travelled extensively. He has met the statesmen and leading minds of foreign lands, and has come into some measure of contact with their people. The knowledge and sympathy thus gained would prevent him from attempting to apply the narrow and hectoring methods of a Pittsburgh lawyer to great international concerns. The world outlook is not a sealed book to Mr. Bryan. And he is a man of peace. There can be no question of his ardent desire to see the civilized world utilize every means to put an end to war. He might surely be counted upon to do all in his power to further the peace propaganda among the nations. And Jingoism would be repellent to him. He would not be found calling for the dispatch of battleships here and there, when reason and justice are alone needed. Indeed, some of Mr. Bryan's friends have intimated that he is fired by the great opportunity to make American diplomacy more peaceful and more Christian, and that in this lies the appeal to him of a possible offer of the State Department. He is said to desire to translate his lecture on the Prince of Peace into a reality of international policy.

No humane and truly patriotic American could deny that there is great force in these considerations. If such a programme were undertaken and carried out by Mr. Bryan, almost everything else could be forgiven him. In the regular business of the State Department, he could not be more remiss or unsuccessful than Secretary Knox has been; while he might be able to infuse into the conduct of foreign affairs a spirit of forbearance and conciliation and nobility, never more needed than to-day. We make no prophecies. We reverse no opinions. But if it proves to be true that Mr. Bryan is Secretary of State a month from now, we shall hope that his political past, which must always be a heavy burden for him to carry, and the instability and pettishness which he has shown as a party leader, may be partly atoned for by giving to America a new leadership in the high cause of universal peace.

JUSTICE FOR COXEY.

The day has come, it seems to us, to perform a simple act of justice to "General" Jacob S. Coxey, of Ohio, for the reason that, if some one does not recall at this time the facts of history, this great advocate of the people's welfare will be deprived of his proper laurels. It will be remembered that in 1894, while the effects of the panic of the previous year were still acutely felt, Gen. Coxey organized his army of the dissatisfied and unemployed to march on Washington and demand of Congress that this Government of and for the people should be restored to the people. He was hooted at, ridiculed, denounced, and troops were called out to regulate the progress of his forces. But when he reached Washington a respectful hear-

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ing was accorded him by a Committee of Congress. His arguments were subsequently reprinted in pamphlet form, and it is upon this that we shall draw to prove that many of our modern reformers have deliberately plagiarized from Gen. Coxey in their efforts to set the people free.

There is the initiative and referendum, for instance. How few people know that Coxey was the first of our great statesmen publicly to demand them, not only for Ohio, but for the nation—or at least to *walk* for them? Others, college professors and students of Swiss history, may have privately advocated these innovations, but Coxey and his followers were the first to go to Washington and ask to be counted, on the grounds of the Capitol, in favor of these propositions. There are those who would claim the honor of being the pioneer public man to advocate this reform for William S. U'Ren, of Oregon, to whom is also credited the proselyting of Woodrow Wilson. The latter fact may be true, but for Coxey we claim first honors, just as we proclaim him the originator of the idea of walking to a place in order to get what you want. This point we stress particularly lest a fickle public credit the political device to "Gen." Rosalie Jones and her undaunted suffrage hosts that, having conquered Albany, are now preparing to move on Washington. But if time has thus set its stamp of approval upon Coxey's on-to-Washington policy, it has equally vindicated his appeal for the initiative and referendum in Ohio. By an overwhelming majority, just eighteen and one-half years after Coxey demanded them in Washington, they were written by his fellow-citizens into the organic law of his State. Who will venture to prophesy, in this swiftly changing time, that a statue of Jacob S. Coxey will not stand side by side with that of "Rise-up" William Allen in the rotunda of the Capitol from whose grounds rude policemen once ejected him? Yet in all the pæans of triumph after the Ohio election, we regret to say that Coxey's name was not mentioned.

So, too, we were distressed to find that certain phrases originated by him were freely adopted in the last campaign without regard for his copyright. Coxey first said: "In order that the people may be enabled to *regain control* of their State, county, and municipal affairs, we demand," etc. Yet no phrase has more frequently been used by candidates, from Bryan down to La Follette and Sulzer and all the Progressives, than this little gem—always without credit to Coxey, the first to see that our Government had slipped out of the hands of the plain people. As for Bryan—but here we reach a difficult subject. Who was the chairman of the Committee of Congress which heard Coxey on that ever-memorable Tuesday, January 8, 1895, but William Jennings Bryan, then Representative from Nebraska? Now, we are not going to join certain friends of Coxey in insisting that Bryan obtained all his radical ideas from Coxey at that day and hour. Mr. Bryan's heart, we know, was throbbing for the plain people before that time. So we would merely point out that, just as there are two claimants for the credit of every great invention, Mr. Bryan had arrived at the same conclusions simultaneously with Gen. Coxey. Thus, as chairman, Mr. Bryan must have thrilled to hear Gen. Coxey say: "The great issue, I believe, before the American people to-day is whether the railroads are going to own the Government or the Government is going to own the railroads. I can show you plainly how you can buy up the railroads of every State and Territory, and pay for them." True, Mr. Bryan did not speak out for Government ownership for some years thereafter; but each great man must take his own time for such public pronouncements. To-day, in 1913, do we not read of a Massachusetts legislative proposal to buy the railways? Is not the Federal Government now owning and operating a railway in Panama?

But we could fill pages with similar illustrations of the way in which time and fate have persistently caught up with and justified Gen. Coxey. One of the chief planks in his platform was, "a service pension to all soldiers of $8 per month, and in addition one cent per day per month for each day of actual service." We submit that the dollar-a-day pension demand was but an echo of this, and that the universal pensioning of every veteran, so recently achieved, must be attributed primarily to Gen. Coxey. Again, on Gen. Coxey's special campaign car stood the legend: "All railroad section men to receive no less than $1.50 per day of eight hours' work." Who has a better right to claim the credit of the high wages and short hours of section hands to-day? Of course, we must admit that Coxey's bill providing for non-interest bearing bonds has not yet been adopted by Congress. That need discourage no one, for we have come but a short distance from 1894, and, moreover, it is to be observed that this plan of paying no interest on other people's money has been, of late, not altogether unheard of in Wall Street. Finally, we confidently expect to see in the next Progressive platform these two Coxey-esque planks: "It is the crime of the nineteenth [twentieth] century that three millions of our fellow-citizens are in involuntary idleness, thus causing an irretrievable loss of millions of dollars daily" (this being coupled with a demand that every town, village, township, Territory, and State issue bonds to employ the unemployed); and "President, Vice-President, and United States Senators must be elected by direct vote of the people."

THE FRIENDSHIP OF POLITICIANS.

Among his other qualities, Mr. Lloyd George has a fair supply of humor and good nature. He kept the House of Commons in a gale of laughter the other day, during question time, by speaking for the Prime Minister, in Mr. Asquith's absence, and answering questions which had been put on the paper with the design of embarrassing himself. One persistent member desired to know whether the Prime Minister approved of a statement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. To this the Chancellor gravely replied, always speaking for the Prime Minister: "From what I know of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I think he would be wholly incapable of making any statement of which the Prime Minister disapproved." There was more of this comedy, and it almost broke up the business of the House. It has often been said that Mr. Lloyd George is the best-hated public man in England. But he is very much liked in private, even by his political opponents. He does not cherish personal bitterness, and his bright ways make him an agreeable companion. Following an acrimonious debate in the House, he may often be seen in the lobby chatting gayly with those very Conservative landlords upon whose property he is supposed to have fell designs.

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The question of such friendly relations between political enemies has lately been discussed by a London newspaper man who has long been in the Press Gallery at Westminster. He asks: "Do political opponents really hate one another?" Rarely, he thinks. Controversies in the House of Commons are often heated, and sometimes become personal. It is seldom, however, that in modern times differences on public matters lead to an open breach of private friendship, as in the famous case of Burke and Fox. Even when sharp debate betrays a member into something like a personal attack, the unpleasantness is usually dispelled by a witticism. On one occasion Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, irritated by something that Joseph Chamberlain had done, declared that conduct of that kind in private life would be enough to exclude a man from honorable society. Mr. Chamberlain instantly retorted: "I deeply regret that I am cut off from the society of the right honorable gentleman, *which I never really enjoyed.*"

The *entente cordiale* existing between politicians of "opposite political faith," to use the solemn phrase, is an old story in our country. It has different names, and is variously described. One favorite expression speaks of the practice as being "flowers growing over the party wall." This is intended to apply to the public recognition of one politician, or boss, by another. But there have been many things going on *under* the party wall, of which not so much is heard, and which do not deserve a poetic title. The subterranean relations frequent between Republican and Democratic bosses may have been friendly, but they put friendship on the firm basis of mutual profit. Platt and Croker were not intimates, but they had a perfectly good understanding with each other. There were certain "courtesies" which one could always confidently ask of the other; and all along, behind their assumed hostility, there was the feeling in either that the other was a reputable practitioner of the same arts as himself and presumably a good fellow. Any real hatred between the two, or between any other pair of bosses worthy to be mentioned with Richard Croker and Thomas C. Platt, was utterly out of the question.

With the traditional obligations of friendship among public men, in opposite parties, go many little conventions which have their amusing side. One of these is the duty of speaking highly of the political opponent who succeeds you in office. You may have fought him tooth and nail, and declared that his election would mean unspeakable calamity to the country; but when he is, in fact, elected, you send him hearty congratulations; and when he comes to take your office away from you, it is incumbent upon you not only to wish him success, but to express the sincere belief that his term will be marked by great benefits to the people.

It is not necessary to deal with the whole matter in a cynical spirit. Everybody knows that there is a great deal of humbug in the loves of politicians, along with much deceit and no little harm to the public interests; but no one can deny that there may exist honest respect and personal liking between public men who belong to different parties. Because they disagree, it does not follow that they must distrust each other. One may fight a political principle or a given legislative measure to the extent of his powers, and yet not feel compelled to believe that all who advocate it are scoundrels. And we may be sure that fewer high-minded gentlemen would go into politics if they felt it needful to carry party warfare into private relations, or if they did not believe that honorable men could differ in matters of national policy while remaining in private good friends.

A QUESTION OF EDUCATION.

In an interview which M. Bergson gave the other day, one could hardly fail to note a certain combination of keenness of thought with delicacy of touch, the mark of a peculiarly alert and intelligent observer. His comparisons between our universities and colleges on the one hand and the universities and *lycées* of France on the other were made rather in the spirit of a careful looker-on waiting to acquire fuller knowledge than in that of a critic or a judge. Nevertheless, his remarks touch upon some of the most interesting and most important of the questions affecting the character of our higher education.

It is with Germany, rather than with either France or England, that we are in the habit of instituting comparisons in university questions. But, widely different as the educational systems of France and of England are from that of Germany, and from each other, there is one point in which we constantly get the same story. Thoroughness is, by universal consent, regarded as the specific characteristic of Germany; yet when a report was made a year or two ago, at the instance of the Carnegie Foundation, upon the qualities of American, as compared with English, education as evidenced by the experience of our Rhodes scholars, the one unquestionable fact brought out was the very great superiority, in point of thoroughness, of English training for college and university as compared with ours. And when M. Bergson gives it as his impression that the French university student goes at his work with more earnestness than ours, and thinks it probable that this is due to the severe and definite discipline of the *lycée*, he merely confirms what we already knew.

To trace this persistent phenomenon to its cause, or causes, would be a considerable task. That it is not to be regarded as arising simply from any peculiarities of educational organization may be set down as certain. It is unquestionably connected intimately with the general circumstances of our national life, and with corresponding qualities in the national temperament. And yet it will not do, on the other hand, to dismiss the subject with this vague and easy-going declaration. Besides the general causes at work, there are special elements that clearly play their part, and with which it is possible to reckon. One of these is the fact that there is no such sharp line of division between university work and that which precedes university work as there is in France or Germany. That the end of the first two years of college corresponds roughly to the end of the *lycée* course in France may seem at first blush a mere matter of external classification; in reality it is a point of great significance. For the status of the American college student, from the start, is neither that of the student at the *lycée* or *gymnasium*, nor that of the student at the French or German university, but a cross between the two. It is neither that of a schoolboy subject to rigorous disciplinary training, nor that of the university student pursuing, in an independent way, his own clearly de-

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fined purposes. The result of this is in many ways excellent; the American college graduate is a product peculiar to our country, and is, all things considered, a most valuable contribution to the body of American citizenship. But, viewed simply as a stage in the university process, the American college course is far less to the purpose than the *lycée* or the *gymnasium*.

A more deep-seated cause of difference is the superiority of the teaching material that goes into secondary education in France, as it does in Germany also; though some part of the reason even for this is to be found in the circumstance that our secondary schools break off with the entrance to the freshman class, while the *lycée* or the *gymnasium* carries the student to the gates of the university. But in the main, we believe, it is a matter of natural selection, supplemented by a difference of attitude towards the whole subject of university study. Men of real ability, in Germany and France, are ready, in far greater numbers than with us, to devote themselves to teaching in what we call high-school or lower college grades, largely because the opportunities open to them in other directions are so much less numerous and less alluring; and, in addition to this, the calling is there held in far greater honor. In France, moreover, as M. Bergson points out, "the *lycée* professor has not more than twelve or thirteen hours a week—the remainder of his time is generally given over to specialization and study"; the number of hours of the high-school professor in this country is twice as great, and this of itself makes a radical difference in his possibilities of achievement, as well as in the attractiveness of the post.

In discussion of university questions by European scholars, there is a singular absence of worry over matters of administrative management. These men seem to think that the quality of professors, the amount of time at their free disposal, the character of the training with which their students have been provided, the nature of the educational purposes pursued—that these and similar factors constitute the chief elements of the educational problem. There must, of course, be a certain amount of systematic organization, a certain amount of administrative work; but it seems to be taken for granted that this necessary amount will, in the nature of things, be fairly well provided, and that there is no occasion to cry for more. And yet they have extremely little of it in comparison with our country, where the creaking and groaning of the machinery is constantly in evidence. Perhaps we should do well if we were to fix our thoughts more on the need of getting the best possible men into the professorships and teacherships, and less on the problem of managing them after we have got them.

STUDENTS' WORK FROM THE ROMAN ACADEMY.

At the exhibition of the Architectural League, in the Fine Arts Building of New York, the students of the American Academy at Rome fill a gallery with their recent work. These young architects, sculptors, and painters have won their fellowships under conditions of severe competition. They are the best men that can be picked on an academic basis. The quality of their work will be severely scrutinized by those whose standards of art are anti-academic and wholly individualistic, while many of those who are in general sympathy with the idea of a residential academy in the Eternal City are still not free from misgivings as to the practicability of the plan. On the principle of judging an institution by its fruits we must approach the work of these favored young artists who hold the fellowships of the Academy.

The survey should be a reassuring one. Not merely is the technical standard quite as high as that prevailing in the Ecole de Rome, the prototype of all such schools, but it should be said that only an exceptionally good exhibition from the Ecole would show sculpture of the accomplishment of Paul H. Manship's, or archæological reconstructions so important as Edgar I. Williams's restoration of the House of the Vestals in the Forum. These are perhaps the most striking features of the show, though the competent mural painting of Frank T. Fairbanks and E. Tolles Chamberlain, with the really charming sketches of the latter, are entirely creditable evidences of the work and standards of the Academy in the field of painting.

Of Mr. Manship's work we print a special notice elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Williams's reconstruction of the House and Court of the Vestals under the Palatine Hill has the interest of being in part based on the researches of a distinguished member of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome, Miss Esther Van Dieman. Such a virtual collaboration seems to promise well for the consolidation of that School with the Academy. This union, which, as a matter of organization, has existed for upwards of a year, will soon be actually completed when the two bodies occupy their new quarters in the Villa Aurelia, on the Janiculum. The permanent alliance of practicing artists with philologers and archæologists is of so novel a sort that it has on both sides aroused misgivings. It has seemed to some an arbitrary and unnatural bond between those whose dependence must be native instinct and those whose forte is laborious and systematic investigation. And if this common and rather vulgar notion of the artist and the scholar be true, unquestionably the pending union is a hazardous one.

We feel, however, that the view of the artist as a mere temperament, and of the scholar as a sheer drudge, is both Philistine and false. Unless the artist guide his temperament by a somewhat austere and systematic training akin to that of the scholar, his temperament will come to very little. And surely the scholarship that satisfies itself with mere drudgery and simple accumulation is of little worth. Creative scholarship implies imagination, temperament, a distinct degree of genius. The actual success of the reorganized Academy will depend upon the type of young artist and young scholar it finds to hold its fellowships. To force a community of interest between temperamental charlatans on one side and unenlightened gradgrinds on the other can result only in academic bankruptcy. Fortunately, there is nothing in the record either of the Academy or the School of Classical Studies to make one dread such a disaster. Indeed, this artistic and archæological collaboration, represented in the reconstruction of the Atrium Vestæ, seems a kind of guarantee of the genuine community of interest that should ensue whenever real artists and real scholars in daily intercourse work together towards their diverse yet closely allied ideals. Its influence in this country will be wholesome.

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RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

German fiction is at present in a peculiar state. The production is enormous, there are numerous works that interest though individually striking features, but not one that rises above the multitude, as did Gerhart Hauptmann's "Fool in Christ" two years ago and Grete Meisel-Hess's "Die Intellektuellen" last year. The admirers of Gerhart Hauptmann would have gladly acclaimed the novel published in his year of honor as a significant landmark in his development, but even his biographer, Schlenther, admits that "Atlantis" (reviewed in the *Nation* of January 2) does not bear comparison with his previous work. Gustav Frenssen, too, has disappointed by his latest story, "Der Untergang der Anna Hollmann" (Berlin: G. Grote). On a first reading the novel reminds of a play by the Dutch writer Heiermans, given some years ago by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, "The Good Hope." Here as there a whole community owes its living to ship-owners loading human freight into rotten hulks, and pays a heavy toll in human lives. The vital power of the play lay in the social problem involved. Frenssen, however, is not concerned with employers' liability and other relations between capital and labor. To him the prosperity of the unscrupulous Hollmanns and the misfortunes of the Guldts present a moral and religious problem. Why should the righteous suffer through the unjust? Why should generation after generation of the Guldts be plunged into sorrow and misery through the criminal unconcern of the Hollmanns?

Among the writers who, like Frenssen, go to the folk-soul for inspiration and produce what the German aptly calls *Heimatskunst*, one of the foremost is Rudolf Hans Bartsch. His "Schwammerl" (Leipzig: L. Stackmann) conveys the spirit and the feeling of a whole section of Austrian society at the time when Vienna was the Mecca of musicians and music-lovers, when Beethoven reigned supreme, and Schubert was hailed as a rising new star. Even to the title, a sobriquet which Schubert applied to himself to suggest the short mushroom life that was to be his, the story is indigenous to the soil. In a series of delightful pictures the author traces the happy-go-lucky existence of Schubert and his artist friends, their devotion to each other, the gracious indulgence of their patrons, their triumphs, and their defections. A book which also admirably reproduces the atmosphere of a past period is Elisabeth Stewart's "Unvergessene Menschen" (Berlin: S. Fischer). The scene is a North-German country parish sixty years ago, with a population strictly native and strictly separated by conventions of birth, caste, and profession. The parson's children are the principal actors in this drama of innocent loves and flirtations, vanities and ambitions, interwoven with a strand of humor and pathos, and culminating in the tragedy of a youth who embodies the romantic sentimentalism of his time. Through the book moves a procession of figures such as we may see on faded old photographs, but the author has given them a spark of real life which brings them curiously close to us.

Lily Braun, who in an earlier work had written a charming memoir of Goethe's days, and in her autobiographical "Roman einer Sozialistin" furnished an intimate personal document on the history of social democracy, has gone back to the eighteenth century and written a fascinating book called "Die Liebesbriefe der Marquise" (Munich: Albert Langen). Out of letters and memoirs she has reconstructed the life of a representative woman of that period. This epistolary novel is one of the most enjoyable books of recent publication and one that has true literary distinction.

A virile personality is the Alsatian Hermann Stegemann, and something of this quality enters into the making of his heroes. "Thomas Ringwald" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the story of a self-made man who in the stern pursuit of duty had overcome the romantic leanings of his youth and become a man of action, intolerant of the temperament and skeptical of the talent of his oldest son, who had left the parental roof to become a musician. At the zenith of his professional and civic career this conflict and the lure of a love which awakens desires he had not known in his joyless youth, cloud the serene atmosphere of Ringwald's home. But he is one of those who conquer their world by conquering themselves. The author's record of these struggles, pictured against the background of a city's growth, is as absorbing as it is convincing.

Franziska Mann's novel, "Frau Sophie und ihre Kinder" (Frankfort: Rütten & Loening) is the story of a woman who, though a child of the present and an artist, chose renunciation instead of "self-realization." The heroine has divorced the husband she had married when a mere child and devotes herself to her daughter, until the girl's marriage with an explorer places a continent between them and leaves her alone. She begins to write with fair success. Gradually, though she has become a grandmother, the youth she had missed returns to her, and she is willing to listen to the plea of a new love. At this moment she receives the news that an epidemic has orphaned her grandchildren. She renounces all thoughts of self, welcomes to her home the boy and the three girls who henceforth are to be hers, and remains deaf to the willingness of her friend to share her responsible task. Franziska Mann has in earlier works proved a subtle and sympathetic reader of the child-soul, and traces with delicate insight the relation between Frau Sophie and her children, until one by one they grow up and go out into the world. A childhood of quite another sort is pictured in Wilhelm Scharrelmann's "Piddl Hundertmark" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). The author has been a public school teacher who some years ago had difficulties with the school authorities on account of his liberal views and his deviations from the beaten track of pedagogy. The books which he has since published deal with the commonplace existence of the common people, without a note of pessimism, without the suggestion of any message except that of sympathy. Thus his story of childhood in a tenement is of a peculiarly wholesome realism, it has its thread of pathos, but also its touches of humor. His little hero is an individual rather than a type, and the author succeeds in interesting the reader so profoundly in the development of Piddl, that one is loath to part from him on the day when his strong young arm first strikes an anvil and his eye bravely and gladly looks out into the future before him.

Georg Hermann is the master analyst and chronicler of the Berliner past and present. His "Jettchen Gebert," which has recently been translated into French, and its sequel, "Henriette Jacoby," admirably reproduce the sentimental-romanticism of life in the educated middle-class of Old Berlin. His "Kubinke" is a novel of the lower strata of modern Berlin. In his latest work, "Die Nacht des Doktor Herzfeld" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), he presents two types of the Berlin intellectuals of to-day. The one lives in comfort among a collection of precious bibelots, but plays with the idea of suicide because he cannot get over the loss of wife and child. The other frets and fumes in literary drudgery, aggravated by marital troubles, imaginary or real, and plays with the idea of divorce. After a night of mutual confessions during endless walks about the streets and a prolonged session at a café, they return to their old life.

A delightfully quaint humor characterizes Ludwig Finkh's story, "Die Reise nach Tripstrill" (Albert Langen). It records the experiences of a naïve Suabian youth, who in his days of *Wanderlust* goes to the Caucasus, and later to Algiers. The book suggests the spell of old-time *Handwerksburschenleben* in a modern setting, and succeeds in interesting by the reaction of the travels upon the character of the hero. The other personages are his "pal" of the road and

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the girl whose attachment to the prodigal brings the action to a dramatic climax. The book is a true product of the Teuton folk-soul. "Herrn Bredenfeld's Erde" (Egon Fleischel), by Theodor Malade, deals in the manner of Wilhelm von Polenz with the landowner of today who is deeply attached to his acres and to the traditional order of things, and stubbornly resists the trend of time which sets up foreign standards and settles the country with foreign labor. This is the social background of the domestic tragedy, the son dishonoring his name and his uniform by his passion for gambling. The strength of the book lies in the delineation of the numerous, finely individualized characters.

Alexander Castell has been hailed as a new Swiss writer of great promise. His novel, "Bernards Versuchung" (Albert Langen), offers some striking portraits from the world of cultured idlers haunting Paris and other European capitals, and in their peregrinations becoming estranged from their native soil and their kin. Castell's keenness of observation is amazing, and the dramatic suspense in the final chapter, where the hero accidentally meets the mother whom he had not seen in five years, is suggested with unusual force Lydia Danhöfen is another new name, and her story of a young physician who sets out upon his practice with an ideal conception of his profession, and who, under the pressure of poverty and the sting of social failure, adopts a code of phrases and of gestures that bring success, but earn for him the title, "Der Charlatan" (Albert Langen), has many features that raise it above the ordinary, not the least among them being the touch of irony. A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The persecution of the Quakers by the Government of Massachusetts is recalled by the title-page of a quaint pamphlet:

A
DECLARATION
Of the sad and Great
PERSECUTION and *MARTYRDOM*
Of the People of God, called Quakers, *in New-England* for the Worshipping of God.

Whereof
- 22 *have been Banished upon pain of Death.*
- 03 *have been martyred.*
- 03 *have had their Right-Ears cut.*
- 01 *hath been burned in the Hand with the letter H.*
- 31 *Persons have received* 650 *stripes.*
- 01 *was beat while his Body was like a jelly.*
- *Several were beat with Pitched Ropes.*
- *Five Appeals made to England, were denied by the rulers of Boston.*
- *One thousand forty four pounds worth of Goods hath been taken from them (being poor men) for meeting together in the fear of the Lords and for keeping the Commands of Christ.*
- *One now lyeth in Iron-fetters, condemned to dye.*

Also

Some Considerations, presented to the King, which is in answer to a *Petition* and *Address*, which was presented unto Him *by the General Court at Boston:* Subscribed by *J. Endicot,* the *chief Prosecutor* there; thinking thereby to cover themselves from *the blood* of the Innocent.

Gal. 4.29 *But as then,* he that was born after the flesh, *persecuted* him that was born after the spirit, *even so it is now.*

God hath no respect to *Cains Sacrifice,* that *killed* his Brother *about Religion.*

London, Printed for Robert Wilson, in Martins Le Grand.

The arrangement of the booklet reverses the order of the title, for the "Considerations" signed E. B. come first; the "Declaration" begins on page 17, and is signed by John Rous and John Copeland (whose ears had been mutilated), and by Samuel Shattock, Josiah Southwick, Nicholas Phelps, Joseph Nicholson, and Jane Nicholson (who had been banished from the colony under pain of death). On page 21 commences an account of the trial and execution of William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, and Mary Dyer. A "Postscript," beginning on page 31, is signed "E. B. London the 15th of the 1st month, 1660."

The writer was Edward Burrough, whom his fellow Quakers styled "a son of Thunder and Consolation." Endecott, the Puritan Governor, who cut down a maypole as irreligious, had no thought of toleration for those whose creed differed from his own. In common with many other Pilgrim Fathers, he wished to hedge round their semi-theocracy and to exclude all those who in any direction deviated from the doctrines imported in the Mayflower. He was not the most extreme of the Puritans, but he had the misfortune to encounter men and women who were as unbending as himself. When the Quakers could not be convinced by arguments, by fine, by whipping, or by imprisonment, it was thought wise to get rid of them by banishment with a threat of death if they returned into the jurisdiction. If they returned, the Puritan Government held that they could logically be hanged, not only as heretics, but as disturbers of the commonwealth. The sword was held out, and if they rushed upon its point, they were not martyrs, but suicides. Such was the theory of John Endecott and those associated with him in the Government of Boston.

Marmaduke Stevenson, William Robinson, and Mary Dyar (so her name appears here) had been banished and had returned. The account of the "trial" given by Peter Pierson is vivid, and has every aspect of veracity. The two men were hanged, the woman was reprieved after she had ascended the ladder to the gallows, and when the halter was actually round her neck. She was sent out of the colony under guard, but returned and was brought before the General Court and Endecott again gave sentence. "This is no more," observed Mary Dyar, "than that thou saidst before." "Aye, aye," retorted the Governor; "therefore prepare yourself to-morrow at nine of the clock." None of the three was allowed to make any defence, and as usual in matters of conscience the ministers were the bitterest persecutors. Mary Dyar was executed on the first day of the fourth month, 1660. She died with undaunted courage. Her last recorded words were, "Yea, I have been in Paradise several days."

When the pamphlet now before us was issued to the public, William Leddra's fate was in the balance. "And we have a further account also," says Burrough, "that one of our Friends, named William Leddra, being banished upon pain of Death, he not departing the Colony, but being moved to Return again to Boston, was Apprehended and cast into Prison and there lyeth Chained to a Logg with a Horse-lock, Condemned to Die." He was executed fourteenth of first month, 1660-61. There were many in Boston who disapproved of these proceedings, and on the Restoration the Magistracy thought it necessary to send to Charles II a vindication of their action. This pamphlet contains the Quaker reply written to it by Edward Burrough, the man who stopped the further shedding of blood. He obtained an audience of the easy-going King, who had as little taste for persecution as for martyrdom. The King was so impressed by Burrough that, awakening from his habitual indifference, he at once had an order drawn up forbidding any further persecution, and directing that the Quakers, whether condemned or imprisoned, should be sent to England to be dealt with according to law. At Burrough's further suggestion, this document was entrusted to Samuel Shattock, one of the exiled Quakers. That must have been a bitter moment for John Endecott when the banished man returned, bearing in his hand the royal mandate that put an end to the tyranny of the Puritan magistracy over the liberties and lives of their Quaker brethren. Shattock showed the royal document to Endecott, who, after consultation with the deputy governor, said, "We shall obey his Majesty's command."

Edward Burrough was arrested for being present at a Quaker meeting for worship, and died in Newgate, December 14, 1662. The City of London authorities, who were keen enemies of the Quakers, managed to evade even the King's order for his release. *Alios salvos fecit, seipsum non potest salvum facere.*

William E. A. Axon.

Correspondence

ALLEGORY IN THE "VITA NUOVA."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Fletcher's contention (*Nation,* January 30) that the "Vita Nuova" is an allegory of religious experience rests largely upon the assertions that Dante would have considered it extravagant or even blasphemous to liken service of an actual lady to service of Christ, that the idealization of womanly influence for good would have appeared to Dante preposterous, and that, "for his philosophy and that of his school, woman was simply inferior or unfinished man." These statements reveal a surprising disregard of the theory of the relation between lady and lover so prominent in the poetry of Dante's master, Guinizelli. According to that theory the lady is a human representative of divine goodness, which so emanates from her as to ennoble spiritually all those with whom she comes in contact, and in particular the man who devotes himself to her as her lover. In the greatest of his *canzoni* Guinizelli writes:

God the Creator shines among the an-

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gelic host with a brightness passing that of the Sun; the angels have immediate knowledge of their Maker, yield Him obedience in their turning of the spheres, and attain to the primal and perfect blessedness of the just God. Even so the fair lady of the shining eyes should bestow the essential truth of her noble nature upon him who never fails in serving her.

And in one of the sonnets:

She goes her way so lovely and so noble that she abases pride in whom she greets, and converts him to our faith if he believe it not; and no man who is base can approach her. Yet a greater power of hers will I tell you: no man can think evil while he beholds her.

Nor was this theory new with Guinizelli. It finds even clearer statement in the prose of his own master, Guittone d'Arezzo:

My noble lady, all-powerful God placed in you so marvellously the perfection of all that is good that you seem, in your words, your actions, and all your aspect, rather an angelic creature than one of earth, . . . and I believe that it pleased Him to set you here among us that you might arouse wonder, and be as a mirror whereon every worthy and lovely woman and every excellent man might gaze, becoming thereby more noble, avoiding vice, and following after virtue.

The young Dante, then, far from regarding woman as an inferior or unfinished man, was inevitably predisposed to regard her as a representative of divine goodness, and thus the comparison of lady-service to Christ-service was not blasphemy, but sincere reverence.

Mr. Fletcher says that the "avowed purpose of the 'Treatise on Vernacular Eloquence' is to pattern a fit garment of words and music for high themes of 'salvation, love, and virtue'—for the 'poetry of God,' as Boccaccio finely defines theology." The implied inference is that Dante regarded theology as alone worthy of poetic praise. But the love and virtue of the passage referred to, *Venus* and *virtus* in the Latin, have nothing to do with theology; they represent as normal subjects for song human love, as celebrated by Arnaut Daniel and Cino da Pistoia, and martial valor, as celebrated by Bertran de Born.

Mr. Fletcher's argument at other points seems to me to rest upon similar misinterpretations, to which I will not here refer. Let me remark, however, that his allegory fails of truth in its very essence; for the type of religion which alone the "Vita Nuova" can be conceived to represent is emphatically not the virile, intellectual type of religion that we find in the "Divine Comedy"—and the "Divine Comedy" is a better source for psychological study of Dante than the "Varieties of Religious Experience." Again, Mr. Fletcher interprets the peace attained just before the death of Beatrice as the fruition of the earthly blessedness; but the earthly blessedness is that of activity, of "the proper exercise of the human faculties," whereas the peace which Dante won was the result of passive resignation.

Mr. Fletcher says finally that the "Vita Nuova" is probably true to life only as an allegory. On the contrary, generations of readers have borne witness that it is true to life as a story of human love. And it is true to life in a particular and very interesting way. Many a youth endeavors, more or less consciously, to *realize in his own life* experiences of which he has read: books may foreordain reality. Just so the young Dante, finding in the verse of his master a lofty theory of the relationship of lady and lover, proceeded to enact that theory in his own life, transforming his behavior and his thought in conformity thereto, and investing Beatrice, in complete sincerity, with the radiant ennobling power of a divine representative on earth. And just so, I may add, he copied in life, to his own undoing, the literary tradition of the "lady of defence." ERNEST H. WILKINS.

University of Chicago, February 1.

THE CANAL TOLLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial and occasional comments on the question of Panama Canal Toll Remission to coastwise shipping companies have been followed by me with a good deal of interest, particularly the ethical scruples raised in connection with the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and also your later subsidy objection. In view of Secretary Knox's recent masterful rejoinder to the British note the question whether your ethical scruples are well-founded is still manifestly a matter of debate.

As for the question of subsidy, it must be said that the American people have no objection to a subsidy *per se:* they only ask to be convinced that some real good is to be accomplished by it for the people generally. Now the chief argument for the remission of canal tolls to coastwise shipping I have not seen even mentioned in your references to this question. It might almost appear to be a studied silence. That argument lies in the fact that such a subsidy would encourage the formation of new coastwise shipping companies to compete with the companies now owned or controlled by railways, and would thus make the water traffic between our East and West coasts a genuine factor in the reduction of freight rates on the part of the railways with their great trunk lines. So long as the railways control the steamship traffic there can be no genuine competition, and our Pacific Coast States must endure their present bondage. Of course, the existing Money Trust might prevent the launching of such new shipping enterprises in any event—as has already seemed to be the case in at least one instance brought to public notice—but then, we are hoping for better things in that direction in the future. Clearly we ought to think twice before we retrace the step that has been taken. The canal is after all primarily our affair, and its bearings on the solution of our own national problems is a factor not to be ignored or overlooked in determining its proper administration.

E. W. LUTTERMANN.

Ware, Mass., February 4.

FINER BREAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not know whether you care for mustard after dinner, but here is some of it. The expression "finer bread than is made of wheat" (*Nation,* January 9) can be found in John Lyly's "Euphues":

It is a world to see how English men desire to heare finer speach then the language will allow, to eate finer bread then is made of wheat, to weare finer cloth then is wrought of Woll (Works ed. Bond, I, p. 181).

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., February 5.

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Hart has been seriously disturbed to observe that the hero of Mr. Wells's "Marriage," though the "latest word in English science and culture," as Professor Hart puts it, uses "aren't I" in familiar conversation. Professor Haskell, in a subsequent letter to the *Nation* (January 30), after reviewing the situation in which the phrase is used by Trafford, welcomes it with sympathetic tolerance. But apart from the question of spelling and of its social standing, the phrase is no novelty. Its history, extending over nearly a century and a half, is given briefly in Jesperson's "Modern English Grammar" (I, p. 300). From *am not* arose *an't* or *a'n't,* as it is spelled in older authors. In its origin and in the subsequent lengthening of the vowel before *nt,* it is precisely parallel to *can't* from *cannot,* or still better, in view of the consonant assimilation, to *shan't* or *sha'n't* from *shall not.* Where is the barbarism or offence to grammar so far? I assume that Professor Hart in ordinary social intercourse says, for example, "Shan't I take it for you," and not "Shall I not take it for you." Why not, then, also *an't I* in place of the formal *am I not?* I am speaking now of the intrinsic merits of the case, and not asserting that in actual usage *shan't* and *an't* are on equal terms in point of respectability. For Professor Hart is not willing to let usage work itself out here and appeals to our sense of grammar.

"In nineteenth-century writers," to quote Jesperson, "this [*an't*] is generally represented in spelling as *I arn't* or *ar'nt,* as through the loss of *r* it has become identical with the plural *are+not* (thus G. Eliot, Anthony Hope, Pinero, Benson, Oscar Wilde, and others)." To go a step farther than Jesperson, we may note that the unconscious identification with the plural form is now complete, as is evident not merely from such a spelling as *aren't,* but also from the fact that those who pronounce *r* before a consonant, pronounce it in *aren't I* as clearly as in *aren't they.* Indeed, one may begin to doubt whether in all cases *aren't I* rests even indirectly on the older *an't I.* What happens in the case of our children seems to be this. They will not use the formal *am I not* in familiar conversation, and, feeling the illiterate flavor of *ain't,* they resort to *aren't,* which from its use in the plural has an entirely respectable sound. It is against this latest stage, the identity with the plural form, that the grammarian as such may file a protest, if he desires, though it might be urged that even this is in line with the identity in other verbs of all persons except the third singular.

It is well known that both the negative and the forms of the verb *to be* belong to that class of unemphatic words which are most subject to some sort of abbreviation in language. In English *am I not* is the only group of the kind for which there is not at least one accepted colloquial form. In the declarative we have *he isn't* or *he's not, you aren't* or *you're not, they aren't*

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or *they're not*, and *I'm not*. So in the interrogative form *isn't he, aren't you, aren't they*. Professor Hart asks if there is anything which prevents us from saying *am I not*. Nothing; and most of us do so still, but in familiar conversation we always, I think, have an unpleasant consciousness that this sounds just as formal and stilted as *is he not*. Are we absolutely and forever debarred from such a colloquial substitute, which shall be as respectable as *isn't*? And if we find available a form as good as *an't*, parallel to *shan't*, or as bad, if you will, as *aren't* (though in my pronunciation *an't* and *aren't* are the same, I am prejudiced in favor of the former spelling), must we always protest and strive to thwart its advance? CARL D. BUCK.

Chicago, February 5.

A REPETITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 9, Mr. Daniel Ford points out the fact that Erasmus was the probable source of an error in regard to Aristotle which is found in both Bacon and Shakespeare. This information has already been given in the *Athenæum*, No. 3403, 1893, by Mr. George Neilson. Mr. Neilson's article is listed in Louis Betz's "La Littérature Comparée," chapter xiv, page 311. WILLIAM CHISLETT, JR.

Stanford University, January 19.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My discovery in Erasmus of the quotations cited in my letter of January 9 was made quite independently of Mr. George Neilson's article in the *Athenæum*. I am not acquainted with the article in question. I regret the unfortunate coincidence. DANIEL FORD.

University of Minnesota, February 5.

WRITINGS OF PROF. W. G. SUMNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A little above a year ago the Yale University Press published a collection of essays by the late Prof. William Graham Sumner. It is now proposed to publish another volume, in the autumn of 1913, to be called "Earth Hunger and Other Essays."

It is desired, in this proposed volume, to collect (aside from more extended essays) all of Professor Sumner's shorter publications. Many of his best and most characteristic utterances were brief articles, struck off on occasion, and widely scattered in newspapers and magazines. We have little trouble in finding his longer articles, but it is difficult to locate many a short and vivid fragment. Since the other volume was issued, not a few suggestions have come to our ears to the effect that another time we should not overlook this or that pregnant utterance—some striking thing which has riveted the attention of our courteous censor, and which he would like to have at hand. Sometimes such a constructive critic cannot remember just where or when he has seen such an article, and suggests vaguely that it was "in the papers," or "in one of the weeklies."

Now, we want all these scattered materials, and it has occurred to me that suggestions might be forthcoming as to their whereabouts, if our present effort to make a final and exhaustive collection of Sumneriana were announced to your readers. We should be glad to examine any materials that might come within the scope of the proposed volumes, and to receive any suggestions, however vague, as to utterances, brief or extended, from the pen of Professor Sumner. Materials sent me in the care of the Yale University Press will be acknowledged and promptly returned after examination.

As this volume will, in all probability, close the collection of Sumner's printed works in the way of essays and short pieces, those who can assist us in procuring available materials will confer a substantial favor. ALBERT G. KELLER.

Yale University, February 8.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on "A Sisyphus among the Sciences" (January 30) begins with a happy title whose applicability to that part of Psychical Research which seeks scientific evidence for survival of bodily death would probably meet the approval of many who have earnestly devoted themselves to the search. But among those agreeing with you would be a considerable number who hold that, while there are unanswerable arguments *contra*, there are also unanswerable arguments *pro*, and that the weight inclines to the latter side. The subject is too complicated for exposition here.

But the survival of bodily death is by no means the only problem of what is called, not altogether fortunately, Psychical Research. There are subjects regarding which such men as Sir William Crookes, Sir William Barrett, Sir Oliver Lodge, and our own lamented Prof. William James would take issue with your statements that they bear no "mark of cumulative achievement"; that, "after thirty years of respectable and patient work by many highly intelligent persons, Psychical Research is, in a scientific sense, precisely where it was at the beginning"; and that, of the accumulated facts, "no part . . . stands out as a solid residuum, a starting-point for future work."

Among those who have really studied the subjects, Telepathy and Telekinesis are now regarded as established, and the researches of the Society have enormously extended our knowledge of Telopsis (clairvoyance), Somnambulism, Hypnotism, and Divided Personality.

You say that "even in the standard sciences it is essential to the firm establishment of anything new to the science that the experience on which it is based be capable of exact repetition by any competent observer or experimenter." If this is correct, are meteorology, law, economics, or even geology, seismology, and palæontology, not to speak of theology, "standard sciences"? And, if they are not, is it essential to the importance of a science that it should be "standard"?

But, whatever may be the answers to these questions, there remains the fact that, in their essential features, large portions of the phenomena of Psychical Research, even of its apparently spiritistic side, *can* be repeated by "competent observers and experimenters," and *are*. Even the phenomena of "mediumship" are frequently so repeated, and are already considerably generalized; and of them and the other orders of phenomena, properly repeated, there are big bookfuls of data now open to students.

If the task which, so far, there is much justification for your likening to that of Sisyphus had never been undertaken, what the Society has accomplished in the other departments amply justifies its efforts, the recognition given to them by Harvard, and the willingness of that University to continue them. A PSYCHICAL RESEARCHER.

New York, February 8.

Literature

CRITICISM APPLIED TO LIFE.

The Masters of Modern French Criticism. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

This volume is primarily a study of the French critics of the last century. Some half-dozen of the leading figures are very fully portrayed, and a number of minor ones are sketched into the background. The reader who is specifically interested in the historic development of French criticism will hardly find elsewhere any exposition comparable to this of the whole movement of that criticism during the last hundred years. Still less will he find elsewhere a presentation of the subject through the medium of so admirable a series of portraits. That of Sainte-Beuve, who has not been very fortunate in his critics, will probably impress many a reader as the completest and truest that has yet been done. But least of all will one find elsewhere such a penetrating analysis of the influence of modern criticism for good and evil on literature and on the intellectual welfare of the age.

The critics are made to serve as a starting-point for the discussion of criticism, while criticism itself is interesting to the author chiefly because it holds in solution the main problems of nineteenth-century thought; and these, again, do not so much interest him in themselves (for he sees the century in somewhat cold perspective) as in their relation to the thought of the ages. It is not simply the talent and the performance of the critic that occupy him. He has nothing in common with those who hold that we must, from necessity and perhaps in the interest of diversity as well, accept talent for what it is, and ask only how well it accomplishes what it aims at. He is especially concerned with the aim itself, and half his judgment is based, not on the talent displayed, but on the use to which the talent is put and on the atmosphere that invests it, not on its volume and momentum, but on the direction in which it moves and the plane it moves on. The

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mainspring of this intensely intellectual criticism is not intellectual, but ethical.

As a thorough humanist, Mr. Babbitt is so respectful of tradition, so conscientiously careful not to neglect or undervalue anything that is good in the legacy of the past or in the often dubious riches of the present, that he might seem at a superficial first view to be only a clever eclectic who has ingeniously pieced together from every source a consistent body of critical maxims. But though they derive their sanction precisely from the repeated testing of experience, these pieces of his thought fit so coherently into the structure that they evidently find themselves there as organic growths, as the outcome of personal experience sanctioned by tradition. This makes it possible for him to point out so readily the disastrous results of the looser and less organic correlation of these same pieces in those critical structures which he has analyzed. Exaggerated homage to this or that current of contemporary thought, or exaggerated revolt from it, has helped to make nineteenth-century criticism as chaotic as it is rich and varied. The same causes have thus produced a confusion of standards in criticism corresponding to the confusion of *genres* in literature which Mr. Babbitt has already traced in "The New Laokoon." He seeks the remedy for this confusion in the reëstablishment of a rational hierarchy of standards.

According to Mr. Babbitt's analysis, the two main currents of nineteenth-century thought, the romantic and the scientific, have coöperated in producing this confusion. Romanticism, by its glorification of the spontaneous, of instinct, of temperament, has exalted above the intellect what lies really below the intellect. In its reaction from eighteenth-century rationalism, it drew away man's attention from his intellectual self, moving in those rather humdrum and utilitarian middle ranges where it expatiated under the sanction of Locke and Voltaire, to what it eloquently called his "soul." But it conceived this soul in a Rousseauistic, not in a Platonic, manner. It merely threw man back on his elemental ego made up of appetites and instincts which it glorified with a poetic halo. "Anatole France," Mr. Babbitt remarks, with caustic good sense, "is fond of talking of his 'soul' when he means only his nerves and sensibility." Science, in its turn, by emphasizing only the external fact, has tended to draw away man's attention from his soul in any sense whatever and to merge him wholly in the phenomena of nature.

The expository side of the book traces the various forms of these two streams of tendency, with their often bewildering cross and counter currents, as revealed in their advocates, their opponents—and their victims. The polemic side of the book analyzes, with no sparing of epigram, their mischievous inconsistencies and contradictions when tried by that final test of literature, confrontation with life. The constructive side is represented by a highly serious attempt to mediate between the old idealism and these modern elements, which it had too much ignored and which in their turn have too much ignored it.

One of the early chapters deals with Joubert, "the critics' critic, much as Spenser has been called the poets' poet." The specious glamour and sensuous heats of romanticism are contrasted with the *lumen siccum* of this serene spirit, in pages that for fine humanistic flavor will bear reading along with Arnold's essay, while they are far richer in constructive thought. Better than any other, the criticism of Joubert has foreshadowed and suggested the grounds of mediation "between an age that had been rational in a way to discredit the reason, and an age that was going to be imaginative in a way to discredit the imagination."

The central point attacked in romanticism is its pseudo-Platonism, its confounding of what is highest with what is lowest in human nature, its identification of goodness with passion, as expressed in its conception of virtue as an outflow of emotion instead of a discipline of restraint. This tendency is hunted down and exposed all along the line of modern thought, in Rousseau's dogma of the natural goodness of man, in Mme. de Staël's cult of purely expansive enthusiasm, in the æsthetic and emotional religiosity of Chateaubriand and Renan, in the insubstantial ardors of the Sainte-Beuve of the earlier period, the "epicurean with a Jansenist sensibility," in the benignant optimism of Emerson, and, in more modernized form, in the humanitarianism of to-day which invites the religious instinct to expand in all manner of external fraternities to the neglect of inner austerity. And it is traced finally in the downward trend of contemporary philosophy:

> In their dealings with the problem of the One and the Many, both M. Bergson and James have adopted, it would seem sufficiently plain, not the Socratic but the sophistical side of the argument. I have expressed my own conviction in the following pages that what is needed just now is not merely a reaction from scientific positivism (that we are getting already), but a reaction from naturalism itself. By this I mean that we should effect our escape from intellectualism, not by sinking below it, after the fashion of the Bergsonians and pragmatists, but by rising above it, and this would involve in turn a use of the Socratic and Platonic method of intuition. Instead of reducing the intellect to a purely utilitarian rôle, as M. Bergson does, we should employ it in multiplying sharp distinctions, and should then put these distinctions into the service of the character and will.

James and M. Bergson do not, like Joubert, look on the One as a living intuition, but as an inert intellectual concept; and they would have us believe that we can escape from this intellectualism only by diving into the flux—in other words, only by cultivating our intuitions of the Many. It is to be feared that Joubert would have said of this modern philosophy what he said of the philosophy of change in the form it had assumed in his own time: I detest these horrible maxims as the ancient sages would have done.

In outlining the philosophical Manichæism which Mr. Babbitt opposes to the unilateral tendencies of modern thought, we have dwelt more on the negations which he sets against its complacent faith in progress and in human nature than on the affirmations which he sets against the disillusion and discouragement which science has produced in so many of its adepts. It would be essentially unjust, however, to Mr. Babbitt's thought to insist too much on its negative aspects. His philosophy is essentially affirmative. The balance and temperance of his judgments are as marked as the convictions on which his judgments rest. Even his most negative criticisms are everywhere mitigated by the consciousness that he is dealing with eminent personalities, with thinkers of great power and with artists of high rank. Though he has not spared the cunning sophist in Renan, few would find any inadequacy of appreciation in his final summary: "Though he is a great intelligence, he has few of the qualities of a great philosopher, but many of the qualities of a great historian, and nearly all the qualities of a great artist." Nor is there anything sourly restrictive in the recommendation of Renan and Sainte-Beuve, as the two nineteenth-century French writers likely to prove of most value to us because of their intellectual sensitiveness and critical finesse, delight in the free play of ideas, and large hospitality of mind.

One restriction, however, and that a fundamental one, Mr. Babbitt makes and reiterates: they have undermined critical standards. The chief problem of criticism is, in his opinion, to find new standards that may raise it above a bewildering impressionism and an all-dissolving sense of relativity. He has attempted to demonstrate that these standards must not be sought without, that science, history, biography, and all the forms of outer fact can serve only as auxiliaries and not as criteria, because the spirit refuses to be imprisoned in any circle of fact, however closely drawn. It is a *chose ailée*, which at the moment of contact rises above their clutches in scorn of such material profanation. Nor, on the other hand, if we are to find our standards within, must we fall into the fatalistic impressionism which accords to taste only a

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subjective validity. When he deals with the irresponsible dilettante, the neurasthenic æsthete who has indolently settled down in his own temperament, Mr. Babbitt's logic kindles to a masterful intensity. One is reminded of Dr. Johnson, who, in expectation of a personal encounter with the perpetrator of Ossian, carried a stout bludgeon, with the intention of demonstrating to him that he was no less his superior in physical than in intellectual prowess. To the impressionist's favorite proverb, *De gustibus non disputandum*, Mr. Babbitt opposes the Spanish proverb: There are tastes that deserve the cudgel.

The relativists, who have been pushed so sharply from point to point, can hardly deny the cogency of the arguments brought to bear against them, or the definitiveness with which everything that was systematic in their methods of criticism has been reduced to ruins. To Scherer's cry: The absolute is dead, one is tempted to rejoin: The relative is mortally wounded. But the pure relativists will be as little ready as before to believe that the absolute can be revived. They will say that Mr. Babbitt has not only demonstrated that criticism is almost certain to go wrong with a system, but has incidentally demonstrated that it cannot exist at all without one. They will retort that Mr. Babbitt, after all, in the modest measure in which he attempts to be reconstructive, is in his turn opposing dogma to dogma and system to system, and that his critical practice also rests on a whole philosophy of life, and even a conception (and what is that but a theory?) of the universe—which they will challenge him to demonstrate as valid above all others. The intuition of the One, and the fundamental distinction of the three planes of existence, they will boldly question. That such questionings cannot be silenced by mere logic no one could admit more clearly than Mr. Babbitt. Brunetière, he says, thus silenced these questionings in his own nature, but the result hardly justifies him. "His idealism, resting as it does on ratiocination rather than on insight, remains essentially negative, and so failed to bring consolation." However, if Mr. Babbitt cannot, in the name of the absolute, expel the pure relativist of the type of M. France from his last theoretic stronghold, he can at any rate, by copious arguments drawn from the practical reason, render his sojourn there profoundly uncomfortable. "These higher truths," affirms Mr. Babbitt, "are matters of intuition." "But I," rejoins the pure relativist, "I have no such intuition!" "So much the worse for you!" retorts Mr. Babbitt. Just how much the worse it is, how hopelessly and intolerably the worse it is for M. France, for the pure relativist, and for the age which follows in their footsteps, this volume is an eloquent attempt to demonstrate. Commenting on the lack of central aim in Sainte-Beuve, Mr. Babbitt says:

> That so shrewd an observer as Sainte-Beuve could find no firm anchorage for the spirit in the movements peculiar to this century may in the long run turn out to be not to his discredit, but to the discredit of the century. It may become apparent that something was omitted in the whole nineteenth century view of life, and that this something is the keystone of the arch.

In all that he has published thus far, Mr. Babbitt has confined himself to philosophical criticism. In his discussion of literature he has abstracted the vital part, the ideas. He has done this with such adequacy that one is irresistibly led to ask whether he can do yet more, whether he can, refraining from this divorce between its soul and its body, treat the whole work as satisfactorily as he has treated its chief part. If applied to criticism involving this more strictly personal and literary attitude, will this talent, so strenuously intellectual, so free from the illusions of sense, and so unseduced by the specious appeal of a purely artistic sorcery—will this talent as successfully escape the danger that threatens criticism from the opposite direction, that of a too complete intellectual and spiritual detachment from the sensational side of human nature, from that individual temperament into which literary art after all so deeply plunges its roots, and whose charm and power the critic must imaginatively feel as well as intellectually apprehend in order to pluck out the heart of its mystery? In a critique of critics and of criticism this element could indeed hardly enter except, so to speak, by the back door. Occasional pages, however, have an unmistakable suggestion of its presence, implicate rather than materialized, and revealed rather by the pure glow of the thought than by anything superadded to it.

It should seem, however, that the practice of this more purely literary kind of criticism lies somewhat remote from the ambition of Mr. Babbitt. Despite the manifold correctives of culture, he appears to belong temperamentally, and by deliberation, to the family of critics who value the interpretative faculty chiefly as an instrument in the service of the judicial faculty. A distinctive mark of these critics is a certain scorn of mediocrity, however well-meaning. The vision of reprisals by self-conscious reviewers does not deter Mr. Babbitt from saying: "There are critics who have founded a considerable reputation on the relation that exists between their own mediocrity and the mediocrity of their readers." In these all-appreciative days when everybody, and especially the critics, is convinced that there is good in everything, Mr. Babbitt invokes the advent of the critic who will show us with how much evil this good is usually mingled, and how frequently it is only a specious disguise under which every kind of evil is paraded and patronized. This Jesuitic tolerance, which we prize as a peculiarly modern virtue, he traces quite as much to lack of moral seriousness as to loose thinking. He feels that the sort of critic needed at present is, not a Sainte-Beuve, even though perfect in his kind, but a critic of the sterner judicial type of Boileau and Johnson, one who can serve as a physician to the time, governing rather than humoring it, a critic who, in mediating between what is new and what is old, "between the spirit of the age and the spirit of the ages," can point out wherein we have erred, and who can also, by the light of his critical torch, show us the way that leads out of the wilderness. Every other function of criticism is indeed secondary to this, not in our day only but perhaps in every other age as well. That we actually have in Mr. Babbitt a critic who in a large measure fulfils these demands must be abundantly evident to the attentive reader of such contributions to philosophical criticism as the present volume and its predecessors.

CURRENT FICTION.

Mrs. Lancelot: A Comedy of Assumptions. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Century Co.

Mr. Hewlett refuses to be browbeaten into a definite return to the mediæval setting by the critics of his "Senhusian" trilogy. In his present romance, however, he has seen fit to withdraw to a sort of middle distance. Poetic dramas are known in stage lingo as "costume plays." The novel-reader's cant possesses no analogous phrase, or one might explain Mr. Hewlett as preëminently a writer of "costume" stories. His imagination is of the type which is most at home when it is abroad—when, at least, it is occupying itself with events and persons of some remoteness in point of time. *Richard Yea-and-Nay* is not only a more real person than Senhouse: he is a more modern person. So are the Duke of Devizes and the Gervase Poore of this story. The late Georgian period which provides the setting is now sufficiently past to have acquired its "costume" value—an atmosphere of quaintness and picturesqueness in which the artful conduct of this writer's style seems relatively simple and natural.

As always, Mr. Hewlett has focussed his lights upon a few characters—four, in this instance, with Tom Moore as a poor fifth—or, rather, as Chorus. Lancelot is a hard-working, dull young man, ambitious of political preferment depending on that virtual ruler of England, the Duke of Devizes. The Georgiana whom he marries begins with a wifely intention which his dry self-absorption frustrates and turns cold.

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His affairs do not advance till the old Duke meets Georgiana, takes a fancy to her, and with insolent promptness gives the husband his billet. Then begin tortures for Lancelot, in whom the passion of love is roused too late. The Duke, he knows, is quite capable of making Georgiana his mistress; as, after a time, in the eyes of the husband and to the world, she appears to have become. She has not; the Duke, for once, has found his match. She will give him friendship and no more. It remains for Gervase Poore, "luscious and perfervid young poet," to comprehend her plight, to woo her strangely with verses and distant worship, and in the end to win her and carry her off in triumph from the finally magnanimous Duke and his ultimately resigned henchman. In the final scene, poor Lancelot presents the perfervid one with his wedding-ring, and a speech:

"When I was married," he said, "I gave myself this ring upon my wedding day. It was to remind myself of my duty—which, you tell me (and I acknowledge) I too soon forgot. Accept it from me. I don't ask you to wear it, but to keep it. You will not refuse."

"I will not refuse," said Gervase, "I take it as a sign that you trust me."

Discerning Gervase!

The Lost Million. By Winthrop Alden. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Winthrop Alden, we are informed, is the disguise of a distinguished author, known on both sides of the Atlantic, who wishes to try the public by this entrance incognito. We have not guessed the distinguished lady's name, but are quite sure that she, or he, knows the roads of Long Island better than the ways of the English tongue. The story is a kind of detective yarn, which begins in Manhattan with the death of a strange man who leaves to a chance acquaintance a stranger commission; it passes to the country places over the East River, and then crosses to Europe, where it picks up a great Parisian detective. The mystery is well introduced, and the characters well chosen, but the unravelling of the plot misses the excitement of the direct chase and falls rather flat before the book ends.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

Principles and Methods of Municipal Trading. By Douglas Knoop. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

Mr. Knoop has written the best book that has yet appeared in English on municipal trading, or, as we should say in this country, municipal ownership. He has not so many graces of style as Major Leonard Darwin and Lord Avebury, and he is certainly not so picturesque as Mr. Bernard Shaw. Yet he surpasses all these in freedom from preconceptions, minuteness of investigation, and shrewd common-sense in striking a balance between conflicting opinions. He raises the discussion of municipal trading to a distinctly high level; there is no speaking to the gallery and no slavish adherence to tradition. Just such a book as this has been sorely needed.

Mr. Knoop showed his fitness for this task as long ago as 1906, when, with an essay on "Municipal Trading," he won the Warburton Prize at the University of Manchester. The volume before us grew out of that treatise. His earlier studies have been supplemented by his investigations while holding the Langton Fellowship at the same University. The excellent bibliography which he has appended to this book contains multifarious and trustworthy sources of information.

The effect of municipal trading on municipal finance and on public and private morals has been strenuously debated, both in America and in Europe. It has been contended by many that the managers of enterprises of this class are often less regardful of strict business principles in creating and marketing their products and services than they would be if the plants were their private property; that government ownership has a demoralizing effect upon labor; that too much, in short, is done merely to propitiate the voter.

It may be said at the start that Mr. Knoop's facts seem to sustain these contentions. While not discussing directly and *in extenso* the effect of municipal trading upon the money market, he sets the reader's mind working along that line by his assertions with reference to the effect upon rates (taxes). Every loan imposes an annual interest charge upon the future revenues of the community that borrows; it amounts to mortgaging the future for the sake of the present. If the occasions for borrowing become frequent, the debt will ultimately become unbearable unless steps are taken to reduce it. It is impossible, declares Mr. Knoop, to contemplate the great rise which has occurred of late years in the rates of certain towns except with the greatest concern. Industries tend to migrate from those towns and new works will no longer be established there.

A local authority must fulfil certain obligatory functions, such as the maintenance, cleansing, and lighting of the public roads and streets, the upkeep of police, the administration of justice, the sewering of the streets, and the disposal of sewage, the providing of facilities for elementary and higher education, and in every area rate-payers will have to contribute to the relief of the destitute. It is only after the cost of fulfilling the various obligatory functions has been met that a municipality is able to judge what expenditure it is in a position to incur voluntarily without placing an unreasonable burden upon the ratepayers. The large increase in the expenditures of local authorities on education since the passing of the Education Act of 1902 has considerably restricted the resources available for other purposes, and this only emphasizes the need of caution.

It is impossible, we are told, to study the undertakings of municipal trading without feeling that the method of conducting their finances, in many cases, leaves much to be desired. There are various causes for this unsatisfactory state of affairs. In the first place, the wish of many local authorities to show favorable results with their trading enterprises frequently deters them from debiting various items to their trading accounts which ought properly to be so charged, and may lead them to credit too much to these accounts in respect of the products sold or services rendered to themselves by these enterprises. In the second place, the absolute ignorance of many town councillors of the most rudimentary principles of accountancy leads them to block proposals made on the advice of financial and technical experts. In the third place, the possibility of shifting, to a considerable extent, the burdens arising out of present operations on to the shoulders of future ratepayers is a temptation to which many persons give way very readily. In the fourth place, the anxiety of town councillors to gain popularity among the ratepayers and voters influences the finances of trading departments in two ways: in October, before election time, it leads to concessions being made to the customers, without proper consideration to the cost of the concessions, and in April, when the budget for the new year is being discussed, it leads to unreasonable claims being made on the trading departments for contributions in relief of the rates, in order to avoid the necessity of making heavier demands upon the ratepayers.

Another drawback to municipal trading is that it involves the employment by local authorities of large bodies of labor. It is perfectly right that municipalities should be good employers, and that they should give their work-people adequate wages and fair conditions. In skilled occupations, where trade-union rates of pay and hours of labor are adopted by private employers, a municipality can employ its labor on the same terms and probably no difficulties will arise. Unfortunately, most work-people in the employ of municipalities are of the unskilled or semi-skilled type, in connection with whom a recognized standard of wages or of hours of labor seldom exists. As a consequence, unduly favorable terms may be granted to these work-people at the ex-

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pense of the general body of ratepayers, and in this way a small privileged class of wage-earners may be created.

Much can be said in opposition to the employment of a large body of unskilled labor by a local authority. It fosters a somewhat loose standard of honesty, according to which ratepayers' money is spent extravagantly. It increases the danger of corruption; and the temptation to councillors to act in a manner to please those ratepayers who are municipal employees, instead of in the best interests of the ratepayers in general. Again, the existence of a highly favored and privileged class of municipal employees affords most undesirable opportunities for nepotism and jobbery; whenever a local authority engages its work-people on the recommendation of the councillors, as is not uncommonly the case, the multiplication of jobs under a council offers dangerous facilities for abuse.

Taking all the attendant circumstances and conditions into consideration, municipal trading in itself cannot, declares Mr. Knoop, be regarded as a desirable institution; the management of industrial undertakings is not really a suitable sphere of activity for a local authority. This remark is qualified by the assertion that, in certain cases, it may serve the public better than private enterprise. The allusion here is to industries which have a strong tendency to become local monopolies. The difficulty of exercising satisfactory control over many monopolistic tramway, water, gas, and electricity undertakings affords the main warrant for their municipalization. Yet there can be no general rule on the subject, each individual case must be considered on its own merits.

The Last Leaf. By James K. Hosmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

"I attempt," says Dr. Hosmer, "no elaborate characterization of men, or history of events, or exposition of philosophies. My films are snap-shots, caught from the curbstone, from the gallery of an assembly, in a scholar's study, or by the light of a campfire." And these words admirably describe his book, much of which has already appeared as articles in the *Atlantic*, the Boston *Transcript*, and the New York *Evening Post*.

Yet his catalogue of celebrities is long and varied, ranging from Douglas and Webster, Grant and Meade, through Bancroft, Lowell, and Emerson, to Agassiz, Newcomb, and Francis Joseph. In many instances, his views of these men are snap-shots indeed, as when the King of Prussia, destined before the year was out to be crowned Emperor at Versailles, saluted him with a nod as he stood looking into a window of the royal palace in Unter den Linden; or, again, when in the gardens surrounding the palâce at Potsdam he saw a ten-year-old boy run up to a low carriage and pat the pony's nose, the boy being now the redoubtable William-II; or, still again, when he saw Francis Joseph on his way to the council-meeting which decided that Austria should be neutral in the Franco-Prussian conflict.

These are hardly more than post-card jottings. On the other hand, certain historians and scientists, American and German, are drawn at something like full-length, along with several members of the group of literary men and women that made Concord a national shrine. The culminating moment of Dr. Hosmer's life, if he could only have known, was when he sat upon the platform with Lowell at the Commemoration of the Harvard soldiers who had taken part in the Civil War, and listened to him read "from a manuscript with distinctness which could be heard everywhere" the Commemoration Ode. Unfortunately for his best appreciation of the poem, Dr. Hosmer was "uncomfortably nervous" over a speech that he was to deliver further on in the programme. The dropping out of one or two speakers, indeed, put him immediately after Lowell, and his "voice sounded out into the great space in which the echo of Lowell's was scarcely silent." In piquant contrast with this solemn scene is that of Phillips Brooks as he assisted at a Hasty Pudding initiation, "a tall fiend whose trouser legs were very apparent beneath the too scanty black drapery which enveloped him."

A sister-in-law of Hawthorne is the authority for a remarkable story which, as she told Dr. Hosmer, she had had directly from the romancer. During a sojourn in Boston, Hawthorne often went to the reading-room of the Athenæum, where he was particularly interested in seeing a certain newspaper. This paper, however, he frequently found in the hands of an old man, who annoyed him by retaining it interminably. One day Hawthorne entered the room, saw the old man, as usual, with the paper in his possession, and sat down to wait until his rival should finish with it:

> After a time the man rose, put on his hat and overcoat, and took his departure. As the door of the reading-room closed behind him Hawthorne took up the paper which lay in disorder as the man had left it, when, lo and behold, his eye fell in the first column on a notice of the old man's death. He was at the moment lying dead in his house in the suburbs, and yet Hawthorne had beheld him but a moment before in his usual guise reading the paper in the Athenæum! My friend said that Hawthorne told her the story quietly, without attempt at explanation, and she believed his thought was that he had actually seen a ghost.

Lowell once related in Dr. Hosmer's presence a tale of a different tone. In a certain Cape Cod village it had long been the custom to profit from the wrecks that occurred on the coast, so that at last the setting of false lights and the appropriation of the cargoes which were lost in consequence became a legitimate business. At the same time the villagers continued to be rigid Puritans, punctilious in attending public worship. One Sunday the congregation was startled by the news that a West India ship loaded with sugar was going to pieces on the rocks. Among the booty-seekers that immediately flocked to the shore was a deacon who was successful in piling up a large quantity of sugar, which he left unguarded while he went for his oxen to haul it home. In his absence the bad boys of the village emptied out the sugar and filled the bags with clean brown sand. The deacon came to a sense of his loss only when his wife attempted to sweeten his tea that evening. His rage he described subsequently in this language: "I declare, when I felt that 'ar sand agrittin' between my teeth, I don't know but it was wicked, but I e'n a'most wished that there wouldn't never be another wreck!"

Dr. Hosmer mars his recollections now and then with unnecessary comment, but it would be ungracious to take exception to the method of one who has done us the courtesy of bringing us face to face with the members of so unusual a company.

William Morris: A Critical Study. By John Drinkwater. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

Mr. Mackail has given us a documented biography of Morris, Alfred Noyes an acute piece of criticism written at an almost lyrical tension, and John Drinkwater, in spite of his sub-title, only a passionate tribute. As a poet's laurel wreath hung on the monument of his master, Mr. Drinkwater's book may be ungrudgingly received. It pulses with generous and elevated emotion seeking to extol the good and the beautiful. It is ardent knight errantry, though with a strain of the La Mancha school; we can admire the high spirit of the quest even when the knight is lost in the woods, and it must be said that Mr. Drinkwater is frequently lost in the woods. His book enters the field as a kind of protest against the criticism of Mr. Noyes, and it suffers by the comparison which it invites, whether it is dealing with the technical aspects of Morris's verse, or with his ideas, or with his total significance. The fact is that Mr. Drinkwater has a poet's impatience of the tedious investigation, comparison, and distinction upon which the critic's art depends.

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Thus, in his overture, he protests sharply against the theory—in its general features accepted as a matter of course by Mr. Noyes and the rest of us—that the poet is the product of his age. "Experience," he says, returning to his thesis in the conclusion, "proves the advent of a great poet to be apparently capricious, the unconsidered whim of powers that make but little distinction of seasons." Yet in the next breath he admits that the greatest of English poets was "inevitable"—that he appeared "as the final and perfect articulation of a word passed freely from lip to lip" by his fellows. Wordsworth, to be sure, he finds much less explicable, "Collins and Gray notwithstanding" (why not Thomson, Cowper, Crabbe, and Burns notwithstanding?); but still there was nothing in Wordsworth's age absolutely to forbid his arrival. In the end the counter-theory seems to have been set up only to glorify Morris. When he comes to Morris he finds a poet not merely unheralded but positively excluded by the artistic attitude of his period: "He came not in due time, but by some large generosity of the gods."

The quarter-truth or half-truth which lies behind Mr. Drinkwater's protest can be brought out only by pursuing the methods by which one arrives at the other half of the truth; by developing in full all that can be said for the forces of "heredity" and "environment," and then indicating just where and how far your poet exceeded the limits of any calculable moulding and propulsive powers—in this case, by at least frankly admitting the antecedent powers of the romances of Scott and the poetry of Keats, the Oxford Movement and the revival of Gothic, the feudal reaction of Carlyle and the Arthurian excursions of Tennyson, the passionate and all-embracing æsthetic activities of Ruskin and the art and poetry of Rossetti. By admitting all this, and then demonstrating, if one is able, that the work of Morris is not the lovely withdrawing wave and ebbing foam of a quite definite and continuous tide of neo-mediævalism.

But Mr. Drinkwater attempts nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he deliberately chooses to present Morris as an isolated phenomenon: "to compare him with his contemporary-creators scarcely at all, believing such comparisons to be misguided in intention and negative in result." To this we may reply: "We do not wholly agree with you. Without such comparisons as you decline to make, one is obliged to refrain from defining and valuing the talent under consideration. Yet we find your desire to speak of your poet as a thing complete in timeless isolation perfectly comprehensible. If you are not interested in the genesis and formation of his talent or his relation to his predecessors and contemporaries, let us waive all such questions. Let us hear merely a report of your personal adventure. Let us speak neither of Morris's debt to other singers nor of his rank among them."

Well, Mr. Drinkwater seems to assent. He exclaims with fine impatience that whether Morris "was or was not the greatest poet of his age or century is a matter of complete unimportance upon which nothing depends." But this is only a protest apparently against the subtle running comparison of Tennyson with Morris in Mr. Noyes's book, at the end of which Morris appears somewhat diminished but still splendid, while Tennyson emerges at the last in the rich variety of his scrupulous art and the depth and range of his dealing with life head and shoulders above his brother. Mr. Drinkwater keeps his word in that he says almost nothing of Tennyson. But though he never comes out into the critical open, he insinuates the superiority of Morris at every turn; he violates our compromise right and left. He will avoid comparisons; yet he does not hesitate to say that "Morris's art came as near as any art can do to being unaffected by any external impulse at all." He will avoid comparisons; yet he asserts that in essentials "there is scarcely any evidence that he had ever read any of the poetry before him." He will avoid comparisons; yet fears not to prophesy that when the history of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is written, "he will stand as a lonely titanic figure excelled by none in the depth and range of his art, but outside any categorical lines of development." He will avoid comparisons; yet on the basis of the prose romances ventures to say that "had he chosen, Morris might have . . . challenged comparison with the best of Fielding's successors." He will avoid comparisons; yet remarks that, among poets "comparable to him in achievement," Morris "stands alone in the creation of a body of work that moves consistently and surely on the plane of poetry—from first to last."

In the course of time this critical algebra becomes wildly exciting. The tantalized imagination hungers and thirsts after the Unknown Quantity. Who, in short, are the men "comparable to him in achievement"? They are Mr. Drinkwater's twelve peers of the world—for at last the secret is out. They are these: "Æschylus, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Beethoven, Wagner, Shelley, Wordsworth." We hope Shelley does not have to sit next to Shakespeare at this glorious round table, for, as Mr. Drinkwater says, this is a fellowship in which "there must be no disputation as to the headship." Then he adds explicitly enough: "Morris is, as I see him, clearly of that fellowship." This, we repeat, is not criticism; it is passionate tribute. It is claiming the victory after having refused to set lance in rest.

The Rhodes Scholarships. By George R. Parkin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Probably no benefaction of recent times has aroused such widespread interest as that which the late Cecil Rhodes made to the University of Oxford. It was a spectacular and at the same time a very practical gift, eminently characteristic of the adventurer, idealist, and shrewd financier, who thought in millions and dreamed of empires, who deemed it worth his while, amid the strenuous toil of building his own fortune and a new empire for Britain, to spend portions of eight years at Oxford, acquiring the ordinary pass degree which the University awards to its mediocre scholars.

The scholarships which Rhodes endowed made a radical departure from precedent. They were the first official recognition that Oxford has more to offer to a student than the academic advantages set forth in her statutes. Hitherto scholarships had been endowed and awarded, nominally at least, for learning only; Rhodes offered $1,500 a year to students from the ends of the earth that they might have the benefit of that indefinable abstraction commonly ascribed as "Oxford culture," which is acquired more in the social gatherings of the students than in lecture-rooms. It was no wonder that the gift, when the terms of the will first became known, aroused a certain amount of skepticism in academic common-rooms, or that the aristocratic college which at present numbers among her undergraduates the heir to the British throne at first refused to have anything to do with the scholarships. Now, after nine years, all doubts as to the practical nature of the scheme are set at rest, for already some 700 Rhodes scholars have passed through the Oxford course. The results of the experiment have been set forth by Dr. Parkin, the organizing secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust.

On the whole, the careful analysis which he gives shows that the scheme has worked out well. He finds that in scholarship, pure and simple, students from America, as well as from the British colonies, are more often than not at some disadvantage when in competition with young Englishmen who have received their preliminary training in one or the other of the great public schools of the country; and he attributes this to lack of thoroughness in the groundwork of education. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to learn that Rhodes scholars, having become an established part of the university life, are accepted by the general student body solely on their individual merits; that there is no prejudice either for or against them as Rhodes scholars. The charge has frequently been made that they evince a tendency towards the formation of

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cliques, and do not mingle sufficiently, as the founder of the trust intended that they should, in the social life of the university and the colleges. That charge, Dr. Parkin thinks, is not justified. It is natural that Americans, for instance, should draw together to a certain extent, and there exists in Oxford an American club, but the members use it for little except the reading of the national newspapers and occasional gatherings for the discussion of American topics. Normally, the unit of social existence for the Rhodes scholars, as for other students, is the college.

One could wish that Dr. Parkin had given fuller information as to the actual results attained in the "schools" by the Rhodes scholars, in order that comparison might be made of their attainments with those of open scholars from the English public schools. There seems little doubt that, as a class, they would suffer by such comparison. That, under the circumstances, should occasion no surprise in consideration of the difficulties which have to be met in making a selection from so wide an area. As a minimum test the standard of Responsions, the Oxford entrance examination, has been adopted, which consists of no more than "small Latin and less Greek," and an acquaintance with arithmetic and the elements of either algebra or geometry. This, however, represents only the minimum that is required by the university. Other tests are imposed that vary with different localities and are left in the hands of the local committees of selection. In this connection it is worth noting that Dr. Parkin comments on the difficulty of applying the athletic test, emphasized by Rhodes himself, in selecting the scholars from this country. In the universities and colleges of the United States, he says, quoting American authorities, athletics have become so specialized that they are "not favorable to the production of the all-round man whom Rhodes evidently had in his mind"—the athletics favored by Rhodes being, of course, those of the ordinary English public school.

Of particular interest to American readers are the pages in which the author discusses the vexed question as to whether it is profitable for students from the United States to spend three years at Oxford. He states frankly the objections that have been raised—the time involved, the possible loss of touch with home affairs, and the practical worth of an Oxford degree—and while he endeavors to meet them all, there is an honest hesitation in his manner that seems to admit the force of the argument on the other side.

Both for the general reader and for the prospective candidate for a Rhodes scholarship the present volume will be of value and interest. The long first chapter, dealing with the life of Cecil Rhodes, is an excellent bit of biography, and succeeding chapters (two of them, concerning the more intimate details of the Oxford system, contributed by F. J. Wylie) give a commendably clear and readable account of the purpose of the foundation, the methods of its administration, and the advantages offered by an Oxford course. As Dr. Parkin warns us, while the system is now definitely established, it is still only in an empiric stage, and neither the methods of administration so far adopted nor the conclusions that are here drawn can be regarded as final. In valuable appendices are given a list of the Oxford colleges; the statutes relating to students from foreign universities; and specifications of the required subjects for the entrance examination.

Notes

The Manchester University Press has in preparation "The Early Life of George Eliot," by Miss Mary H. Deakin, with an introductory note by Professor Herford, and "The Authorship of the Platonic Epistles," by R. Hackforth.

A timely book, in view of legislation now pending at Washington, is "The Immigrant Invasion," by Frank J. Warne, announced by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Forthcoming fiction in Scribner's list includes: "The Lore of Proserpine," by Maurice Hewlett; "The Land of the Spirit," by Thomas Nelson Page; "The Right of the Strongest," by Mrs. Frances Nimmo Greene, and "The Isle of Life," by Stephen French Whitman.

The same house will soon add two new volumes to the Studies of Theology series—"The Text and Canon of the New Testament," by Alexander Souter, and "The Theology of the Gospels," by the Rev. Dr. James Moffatt.

Geo. H. Doran Co. will publish on Saturday: "Simon Brandon," by B. Paul Neuman; "The Story of Stephen Compton," by J. E. Patterson; "Success," by Una Silberrad; "A Dream of Blue Roses," anonymous; "The Chequer-Board," by Lady Sybil Grant; "In the Shadow of the Bush," by P. Amaury Talbot; "My Sudan Year," by Ethel S. Stevens; "Modern Problems," by Sir Oliver Lodge, and "The Case of Oscar Slater," by Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Smith & Elder promise this spring a new Life of Jane Austen, based on the memoir by J. E. Austen-Leigh, the letters published by Lord Brabourne, and other family documents, some of them never before published. The book is written by two members of Jane Austen's family, W. Austen-Leigh and R. Austen-Leigh.

Capt. B. Granville Baker is bringing out, through Seeley & Service, "The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe," illustrated by sketches from his brush and pen.

Macmillan's spring list includes in fiction: "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill; "One Woman's Life," by Robert Herrick; "Comrade Yetta," by Albert Edwards; "Concert Pitch," by Frank Danby; "Patsy," by S. R. Crockett; "Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby," by Kathleen Norris; "The Impeachment of President Israels," by Frank B. Copley; "The Feet of the Furtive," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "Vanishing Points," by Alice Brown; "The Crock of Gold," by James Stephens; "The Idiot," by Fyodor Dostoievsky, translated by Constance Garnett, and "A Necessity of Life and Other Stories," by Betty van der Goes. Economics: "Essays in Taxation," by Edwin R. A. Seligman; "American Syndicalism, The I. W. W.," by John Graham Brooks; "The Soul of America," by Stanton Coit; "The Economic History of the United States, Vol. I, "The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," by Charles A. Beard; "The Modern Trust Company, Its Functions and Organization," by Franklin B. Kirkbridge and J. E. Sterrett; "Industrial Combinations and Trusts," by W. S. Stevens, and "Economics of Business," by Norris A. Brisco. Biography and history: "The Writings of John Quincy Adams," Vol. I, edited by Worthington C. Ford; "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee," Vol. II, collected, collated, and edited by James Curtis Ballagh; "Lectures on the American Civil War," delivered at Oxford by James Ford Rhodes; "'Tis Sixty Years Since," by Charles Francis Adams; "The Cambridge Mediæval History," Vol. II, "The Rise of the Saracens and the Foundation of the Western Empire"; "Principles of Prussian Administration," by Herman G. James; "A History of the American Negro," by Benjamin Griffith Brawley; "The Old Colonial System, 1660-1754," by George Louis Beer; "The Dictionary of National Biography," second supplement in three volumes; "David Livingstone," by C. Silvester Horne, and "Sea Kings of Crete," by James Baikie. Religion and philosophy: "The Problem of Christianity," by Josiah Royce; "Social Religion," by Scott Nearing; "Social Idealism and the Changing Theology," by Gerald Birney Smith; "The Unconscious, the Fundamentals of Human Personality," by Morton Prince; "The Encyclopedia of the Philosophical Sciences," edited by Wilhelm Windelband and Arnold Ruge; "The Interpretation of Dreams," by Prof. Sigmund Freud, translated from the third edition by A. A. Brill, and "The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead," by J. C. Frazer. Miscellaneous books in Macmillan's list will be given next week.

"Germany's Future in the Orient" is the subject of an exceedingly significant article in *Die Erde* for January by Ewald Banse. Taking for granted the coming partition of the Turkish Empire among the great Powers, he asserts that Germany's share should be the region included in southeastern Anatolia, northern Syria, and northern Mesopotamia. No claim is made for Bagdad, the southern boundary running from Aleppo to Mosul. This would give to Germany what she does not now have, a colonial possession in a temperate zone and accordingly available for German colonists. It contains an immense extent of well-watered cultivable and pasture land upon which sufficient food could be raised to supply the Empire and lower the cost of living. Cotton-raising regions abound, which, when developed, will make Germany independent of America, Egypt, and India. Free access to the sea would be had through the ports of Mersina and Alexandretta. An outline map shows how probably Turkey in Asia will be divided among the Powers.

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In two beautifully printed volumes the Oxford University Press has produced an edition of "The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge" which, for fulness and authority, supplants all previous editions, and will probably hold the field for many years, if not forever. The text adopted by the editor, Ernest Hartley Coleridge, is that of 1834, in preference to that of 1829, which was selected by Campbell; this he does on the basis of "conclusive proof that, here and there, Coleridge altered and amended the text of 1829, with a view to the forthcoming edition of 1834." Details of this evidence Mr. E. H. Coleridge gives, and they will satisfy most students that his editorial judgment is right. In all cases, however, the complete development of the text from its earliest to its latest form is traced in the notes, and in some cases, notably "The Ancient Mariner," the first draft of a poem is also printed completely and independently in an appendix. The bibliographical information given by the editor is full and clear. In the second volume, after the plays, a succession of sections give the Epigrams, Jeux d'Esprit, Fragments from a Notebook, Fragments, Adaptations, etc. The absolutely new material is neither large in amount nor important in quality. It includes a number of brief hints and experiments, the star-dust of poetry, one might call it, in the later sections, and six poems in the body of the text. Of these six the only one of any poetical value is that entitled "Inscription for a Seat by the Road Side Half-way Up a Steep Hill Facing South." It was first printed in the *Morning Post* of October 21, 1800, and refers to the "Windy Brow seat" immediately above the River Greta, on the lower slope of the Latrigg, made by Coleridge and the Wordsworths, August 13, 1800. As it has never been included in any of the collected editions of Coleridge and is hence quite new to the modern reader, it may be quoted here at length:

Thou who in youthful vigour rich, and light
With youthful thoughts dost need no rest! O thou,
To whom alike the valley and the hill
Present a path of ease! Should e'er thine eye
Glance on this sod, and this rude tablet, stop!
'Tis a rude spot, yet here, with thankful hearts,
The foot-worn soldier and his family
Have rested, wife and babe, and boy, perchance
Some eight years old or less, and scantly fed,
Garbed like his father, and already bound
To his poor father's trade. Or think of him
Who, laden with his implements of toil,
Returns at night to some far distant home,
And having plodded on through rain and mire
With limbs o'erlaboured, weak from feverish heat,
And chafed and fretted by December blasts,
Here pauses, thankful he hath reached so far,
And 'mid the sheltering warmth of these bleak trees
Finds restoration—or reflect on those
Who in the spring to meet the warmer sun
Crawl up this steep hillside, that needlessly
Bends double their weak frames, already bowed
By age or malady, and when, at last,
They gain this wished-for turf, this seat of sods,
Repose—and, well-admonished, ponder here
On final rest. And if a serious thought
Should come uncalled—how soon *thy* motions high,
Thy balmy spirits and thy fervid blood
Must change to feeble, withered, cold and dry,
Cherish the wholesome sadness! And where'er
The tide of Life impel thee, O be prompt
To make thy present strength the staff of all,
Their staff and resting-place—so shalt thou give
To Youth the sweetest joy that Youth can know;
And for thy future self thou shalt provide
Through every change of various life, a seat,
Not built by hands, on which thy inner part,
Imperishable, many a grievous hour,
Or bleak or sultry may repose—yea, sleep
The sleep of Death, and dream of blissful worlds,
Then wake in Heaven, and find the dream all true.

It would be easy to draw from these admirably edited volumes the material for a fresh study of the growth and decay of Coleridge's marvellous genius; and the very fact that this accumulation of materials, so largely fragmentary or tentative, suggests such a study, does in a way afford a sufficient reply to those who in general object to the publication of a poet's crude or trivial overflow. After all, barring three or four poems, Coleridge was *anima poetæ*, rather than finished poet, and in that form, as one dimly sounding his way in untried regions, he is peculiarly typical of the romantic movement. If we discarded his imperfect work, we should have no means of gauging his power as a pioneer, leading at once into gorgeous dreams and a bankruptcy of the imagination.

The Oxford University Press has also brought out, with certain omissions, the same edition of Coleridge in a single volume printed on India paper. The omissions touch only one or two of the sections of epigrams and fragments at the end. The notes are included without abbreviation.

Again, the same material, now entitled "The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," with the dramas omitted, is issued by Frowde in a cheaper one-volume edition at the price of 1s. 6d. For the ordinary reader of Coleridge this is perhaps the most valuable, as it is the least bewildering, form of the three.

"The New Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" (Dodd, Mead) is of mild interest for such readers as recall that former record of youthful precocity and egotism which made its little stir some years ago. This volume contains extracts from the journals kept by Mlle. Bashkirtseff between the ages of twelve and fifteen. In the inborn sense of her own supreme importance she was not unlike many children; but she was unlike them in her frank glorification of that sense, and in the fact that she never outgrew it. Her beauty of face and form, her charm of manner, the wonderful voice with which she intends to astonish the world—these are the continual themes of her celebration. "Happy the man who will have me," she chants, not yet in her teens. "He will possess the earthly Paradise! Provided that he knows how to appreciate me!" The man is already selected: the Duc de H——, handsome, dissipated, noble; "he would suit me for a husband in every respect. I love him, and that is what makes me suffer. Take away this anguish, and I shall be a thousand times more miserable. My grief makes my happiness. I live solely for that." So, or less sanely, writes this pitiful spoiled child of a roving Russian family. For the most part, her self-regard exalts her to a sort of delirium. She goes to the opera, and fancies that the whole company of singers "salute her." Another time it is the audience: "Everybody admired me. Towards the middle of the entertainment I began to feel as lovely as possible. In going out I passed between two rows of gentlemen who stared at me till their eyes bulged, and they didn't think me bad looking, one could see that. My heart swelled with pride and joy." At fifteen she experiences hardly less ecstatic moods of self-pity. Nobody understands her, she is hopelessly alone in her elevation above the crowd. She discovers that men are villains, and determines never to marry—with reservations in favor of "some prince." Through it all, there are increasing premonitions that she is not to live long enough to become famous. The world holds small chance of happiness for such as she. Nominis umbra: the vague pity lingering about that shadow may find itself quickened by this new record, but hardly sharpened to regret.

Those who read the delightful "Rhymes of Pat McCarty," with the no less delightful prose, will know what to expect from Mr. John Stevenson's "Boy in the Country," just published by Longmans, Green & Co. His English is of the first water, and the Scotch-Irish of his characters is delicious. The story, if story it may be called that moves as freely as the wind on the heath, is simply that of a boy who is sent from the city to live for a while with an aunt on a farm in County Antrim, and there becomes acquainted with the people and manners of the road and the hillside. In the account of "Old Nellie" the scene is grim and almost tragic; in the chapter on Knight Errantry the way lies through as pretty a romance as one need ask for on a fair summer's day; elsewhere, and often, it is comedy or mere adventure or wayward musings on strange faculties. We could give samples of the book to any desired extent, but prefer the bare statement: Here is good reading. The illustrations, by W. Arthur Fry, are in keeping with the text.

A really charming little book, admirably illustrated, is "Things Seen in Palestine" (London: Seeley, Service & Co.), by Mrs. Hans Spoer (A. Goodrich-Freer). Mrs. Spoer has the gift of vision and the knack of style to render what she sees; she is also a trained folk-lorist and knows her Palestine intimately. Thus, an amazing amount of material is packed into these small pages without the picture becoming obscure or being thrown out of drawing. Yet there is no pseudo-picturesqueness, and the few slips are in technical details of Mohammedanism. There most travellers come grievous croppers.

A very different kind of picturesqueness—but not pseudo either—characterizes "By Desert Ways to Baghdad" (Scribner), by Louisa Jebb, now Mrs. Wilkins. Here, too, is the gift of style and the style tells of things seen, but they are strange things seen from the outside, yet seen and rendered with marvellous detail and reality. Mrs. Wilkins makes no profession of orientalism; she does not interpret; she only describes and narrates. And the describing and narrating are done very simply. There is perhaps only one chapter of purple patching, where she digresses into the land and times of Abraham and sees her own journey across the plain of Mesopotamia under the vision of his. Even then there is only a more careful picking and polishing of phrase conjoined with a Biblical gravity. For much elsewhere is far from grave, and the journey itself was surely of the maddest. Two young women start out alone—in the sense of having no conventional dragoman—from Constantinople and work their way, travelling on horseback, save for a stretch from Mekidje to Konia on the Anatolian railway, as light as might be, across Asia Minor to Tarsus; thence by Aintab and

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Urfa to Diarbekr, by raft of inflated goat-skins down the Tigris to Baghdad, up along the Euphrates to Deir and across the desert to Damascus. Their Turkish was scanty to begin with, and for Mrs. Wilkins was scanty to the end. Her companion, Miss de Bunsen, although we find her throughout thumbing a pocket dictionary, evidently knew more, enough at least to gather on the journey materials for her "Soul of a Turk"—the Hassan of this book, though neither a Turk by race, being of Albanian Christian stock, nor by religion, being an advanced mystic. What he thinks of all this very interesting and illuminating "copy" which his two charges have made of him must be a problem. They have revived the older times when the traveller, returning from the East, felt safe in giving to the public his views on all the queer things, beasts, and people he had met. Perhaps it is this revival which makes Mrs. Wilkins's book so racy and so different from the modern laborious trifling with travel-talk. There are seventy-four quite remarkable illustrations from photographs.

Roy Devereux, in his "Aspects of Algeria" (Dutton), is no such dishevelled wanderer, but a very normal tourist fleeing from the English winter. But being in Algiers and being a serious person interested in the problems of colonization, he used his opportunities and has produced a really useful book. His chapters on Islam, past and future, and on the Arabs in art and science, with whatever else he scatteredly says on those things, may be passed by silently. It is all singularly wide of the fact. Yet he had opportunities if he had only known how to use them. On pp. 10 ff. he describes what was evidently a Zar—a rare function for a man to see—and it would be of great interest if he would compare his recollections with Chapters xii and xiii of Madame Ruchdi Pasha's "Harems et Musulmanes d'Egypte." Similarly, his meditations on the Roman province of Mauritania are dominated by Gibbon. But nearly two-thirds of the book is given to modern economic questions—the status of the Moslem subjects of France, the French as colonists and as colonial administrators, the industrial development of the country, and the future for the different races in Algeria and for the Algerian race which is already beginning to appear. On it all Mr. Devereux is not sanguine, and his views need balance, but his book is most informing and suggestive.

It is nearly thirty years since Professor Paul Deussen's "System des Vedânta" appeared in Germany, and it is remarkable that a work so important has not been translated into English before this. Those who do not read German will welcome the volume just published by the Open Court Publishing Co., in which this standard treatise of Hindu philosophy has been ably done into English by Mr. Charles Johnston, who is himself a Sanskrit scholar of proved ability. The translation is literal and has the notes of the original, which might have been made a little clearer in respect to the somewhat blind references to Sanskrit works, but which the translator has here and there amended by adding later literature. For the body of the work, dealing as it does, not with modern literature, but with Sanskrit texts, no changes have been necessary. The system presents by all odds the best account of the foremost (as it is the earliest) Hindu philosophy, that of monism, divided into the various parts demanded by modern rather than by ancient thought. Thus the doctrine of Brahman, as cosmic principle and as psychic principle, leads to a discussion of the cosmology of the Vedânta; after which the nature of the soul and its relation to the body bring the system to the point where metempsychosis can be discussed in detail. The final discussion concerns the doctrine of emancipation. It is a pity that the translator did not think it worth while to give in his own preface a brief account of the diverging school of interpretation. The system expounded by Deussen is that of Çankara, and to understand the Vedânta one should also have some idea of the doctrine of Râmânuja, well set forth by Thibaut in his Vedânta-Sûtras. But Deussen's work is the best exposition of what is virtually the dominant school of interpretation.

Although not distinguished by any novelty of interpretation, the first two volumes, recently appearing in English translation, of Mgr. Louis Duchesne's three-volume "Histoire ancienne de l'Église," have much to recommend them on other grounds. Briefly, they constitute for the period covered, from the beginnings through the fourth century approximately, the best account accessible to the general reader. And this for two reasons: their scholarship and their style. Among students of this subject and this period Duchesne has but one peer and that peer is his German contemporary, Harnack. The volumes are, then, the work of a great scholar with all in the way of breadth of view, accuracy, embodiment of recent investigations, etc., that that implies. But scholarship is no guarantee of readability, yet it is exactly in this respect that Duchesne's work scores brilliantly. The volumes are written with a rare narrative gift which assures the author a worthy place in that great succession of French writers of church history illuminated by the names of Tillemont, Baronius, and Renan. With regard to the translation of the third volume, a thing very much to be desired, the publishers of the English work, Longmans, Green & Co., are not in a position to affirm anything except that it cannot appear for some time to come.

In "Fifty Years of Prison Service" (New York: Charities Publication Committee), Mr. Zebulon Reed Brockway has made a conscientious effort to be autobiographical, but either he is not given to self-study or the habit of writing year-books has been too much for him. His book is mainly a record of his official career with the Elmira Reformatory in the fore and himself in the background. The record is often dry, always informing, and sometimes almost dramatic, particularly in those chapters in which the types of criminals are illustrated by individual histories; over and above the human interest, these narratives are immensely instructive for what they suggest regarding the possibilities of reformation. Not the least interesting, however, are the chapters describing the educational programme at Elmira, in particular the unique ethics class, in which a few hundred thieves discussed, evidently with interest, doubtless with profit, the moral philosophy of Plato and Socrates. Mr. Brockway was fifty years old, and had seen twenty-five years of prison service, when, at the opening of the Elmira Reformatory in 1876, he began the experiment in penology which has made him known throughout the world. By this time his earlier interest in church and religion had given place to a comfortable sort of mysticism, at once optimistic and hard-headed, which enabled him to believe, while working ever for the better, that all is determined for the best. No other theory of life would have served him so well. Even those who doubt whether his experiment amounted to a final demonstration will hardly deny that his work was a success. The difficulty is to find a proper way of determining the results. An investigation conducted in 1888 showed that 78.5 per cent. of the "graduates" were leading self-supporting and orderly lives. An earlier inquiry showed 81 per cent. Mr. Brockway tells us, however, that to those who had reformed the inquiry worked injustice, and it should not be repeated.

In 1894, evidently at the instigation of certain "sinister" interests, charges of cruelty were brought against the Reformatory. After two investigations the management was exonerated. It was admitted, however, that recalcitrant prisoners were sometimes "paddled," and this practice was discontinued. But although the detail seemed unimportant, the backbone of the system was broken; and in 1900, after struggling with a new and hostile management, Mr. Brockway resigned, evidently not without some bitterness of soul, though his account of the matter is manly and serene. He makes it quite clear that, while solitary confinement may work in an ordinary prison, a reformatory system is demoralized if any prisoner can choose to remain merely inactive; and he spends some pages in explaining that the paddling was not for purposes of punishment, but only to give the prisoner the "physical shock" necessary to awaken his attention. In a sense he is right, and he is also wrong. A cut of the whip administered to a horse is not necessarily retributive in motive, but a horse who knows that he will be whipped if he fails to move must logically regard it as punishment.

In "Ecce Deus" (Open Court Publishing Co.) William Benjamin Smith offers an English edition, somewhat revised and enlarged, of a German work published in 1911. This remarkable book, it may be remembered (see the *Nation*, November 23, 1911), seeks to prove positively by means of what is called the symbolic method of interpretation that the Jesus of the Gospels is not an historical man but a mythical god of a cult like Mithra. Of the fresh matter contained in the English version, the most interesting are the postscript in which Dr. Smith pays his respects to some of the reviewers of the German original, and the section headed The Gospel Portrait, in which it is argued that "it seems quite impossible that the Synoptics were aiming to depict any character at all either real or ideal." Indeed, indications of a noble character, such as words and deeds of kindness, and especially of self-sacrifice, are conspicuous by their absence. "We never hear of a single instance of the least self-sacrifice on the part of Jesus. The Passion is not in point, for its contents are purely

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dogmatic" (p. 165). Striking also, both for the use of the argument from silence and for the finality of the conclusions, is the following (p. 172):

The fact that Galilee cuts no figure at all in the actual tradition of the first preaching of the Gospel negatives finally and forever the notion that Galilee was the scene of a life in which that Gospel was grounded, from which it sprung, and to which it returned as to its one and only source of authority and inspiration.

The new material, the insertion of headings to sections, the addition of indexes, and the excellence of the book-making as a whole make the English edition more valuable than the German original.

The death is reported of Eirikr Magnússon, in his eightieth year. Born and educated in Iceland, where he issued his well-known edition of the new Icelandic Bible, he was from 1871 to 1910 under-librarian of the University Library, at Cambridge, England, and a lecturer on Icelandic. With William Morris he translated many of the Icelandic stories, among them the "Grettis Saga" and the "Völsunga Saga." Later he published "Three Northern Love Stories," and "The Saga Library."

Science

The following are science books in Macmillan's spring list: "Trees in Winter," by Albert F. Blakeslee and Chester D. Jarvis; "The Fitness of the Environment," by Lawrence J. Henderson; "Mind and Health," by E. E. Weaver; "Malaria, Cause and Control," by William B. Herms; "The Farmer of To-morrow," by F. I. Anderson; "Sheep Farming," by John A. Craig and F. R. Marshall; "Principles of Fruit Growing," by Prof. L. H. Bailey, new edition; "Co-operation in Agriculture," by G. Harold Powell; "Farm Forestry," by E. G. Cheyney; "Forage Crops for the South," by S. M. Tracy; "Fruit Insects," by M. V. Slingerland and C. R. Crosby; "Milk and Its Products," by Henry H. Wing; "General Chemistry, Theoretical and Applied," by J. C. Blake; "Elementary Household Chemistry," by J. F. Snell; "Industrial Chemistry for Engineering Students," by H. K. Benson; "Gas Analysis," by L. M. Dennis; "Definitions in Physics," by K. E. Guthe; "Elementary Principles of Electricity and Magnetism," by R. H. Hough and W. M. Boehm; "Alternating Currents and Alternating Current Machinery," by Dugald C. Jackson and John Price Jackson, new edition; "Genetics, An introduction to the Study of Heredity," by Herbert Eugene Walter; "Household Bacteriology," by Robert E. Buchanan and Estelle D. Buchanan; "Manual of Bacteriology," by Robert Muir and James Ritchie, new edition; "The Fungi which Cause Plant Disease," by F. L. Stevens; "A Laboratory Guide to the Study of Parisitology," by W. B. Herms, and "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry," by A. M. Kenyon and Lewis Ingold.

The "Practical Medical Dictionary" (William Wood & Co.), of Dr. Thomas L. Stedman, evidently satisfies a demand for that sort of aid, for a second edition is on our table only a little above a year after our notice of the first. The book has grown by thirty pages and the editor prides himself upon the thoroughness of the revision which he has been able to make, besides adding a couple of thousand titles. The careful reader will not go far without recognizing that a still further revision is much to be desired, and he may say this in no captious spirit, but rather because he regrets that a book in many ways so good is not better. We must again insist that the pronunciation of Virchow here given is incorrect, and we base this criticism on personal intercourse with the family. Saemisch, now called an "Austrian" (instead of "Australian") ophthalmologist, was in fact as distinctly German as any medical man of any eminence ever known; he was born in Prussia and never lived outside of Prussia for any length of time. His death several years ago is not noted, and we may add that the biographical data in general are far from being as full and exact as the reader will wish and the preface asserts. These are trifles, but indicative of numerous snags that ought to be, and could easily be, removed.

We are, however, more concerned with Dr. Stedman's neglect of words which have a growing interest for medical men besides being long enough in use to demand recognition. Such, for example, are the terms used in physical chemistry, the application of which to biology and medicine has been much studied. The student will find *anion* and *kation* (with misleading pronunciations, although not as bad as that of the eminent biologist of foreign extraction who once publicly spoke of "kashuns") and *cryoscopy*, but when he looks for *osmosis, osmotic pressure, semipermeable membranes*, and other common terms of the subject, he will find nothing or only most incomplete and antiquated definitions. The chemistry of colloids has also been coming to the front for some time and just now looms up very conspicuously, but the reader will learn little about its special words and will look for *sol* and *gel* in vain. If the student seek exact information about modern sphygmomanometry (a subject with a literary past of fully fifteen years), he will have a hard time, unless he knows enough about it to think of Riva-Rocci and Rogers, under which names he will find pictures. He will then find also the astonishing statement that the instrument of Riva-Rocci measures the blood pressure by arresting the circulation in the finger, the fact being that our noted Italian contemporary enjoys the distinction of having devised an arm band for the compression of the brachial artery. Something similar may be said concerning the technical terms of electrocardiography, which already bulk large in medical literature. *Oscillometer* is perhaps too new a word, but a student may well wish to find out what a string- or thread-galvanometer is. The definition is in the book, but hidden under another word. Many other queries suggest themselves. What, we wonder, would the first users of the word (Portier and Richet, in 1902) think of the statement that anaphylaxis is formed from *"ana,* privative, + *phylaxis."* Is it not Homburg-*vor*-der-Höhe; and doesn't *fuchsin* come from fuchsia and only indirectly from the old botanist Fuchs? Agar-agar is commonly believed to come chiefly from Japan, and such seems to be the statement of the most recent investigator of that material. And, finally, let us add a hearty regret that Dr. Stedman, who has a reputation as a purist on both sides of the Atlantic, has chosen to give the weight of his authority to *aluminum* rather than *aluminium.*

Under the somewhat misleading title, "Wild Life and the Camera" (Lippincott), A. Radclyffe Dugmore has published an entertaining farrago composed of advice for the out-of-doors photographer and the camper, narratives of fishing adventures, and descriptive accounts of mountain tramps, ranging geographically from Newfoundland south to Florida and west to Catalina Island. If this medley contained reproductions of only three or four photographs—those of the mallard duck rising, of the Newfoundland caribou in migration, and of the worm-eating warbler with her family—it would still be far better illustrated than the ordinary "nature book." It contains, however, ten or twelve additional photographs almost as remarkable, and another score or more every one of which is quite worth publishing. Only a very hostile reader will emphasize the undeniable fact that the text is, relatively, of no consequence. Relatively, we say; for all of the twenty-two chapters (some of which have already appeared in magazines) are at least readable, and certain of them are thoroughly interesting. Mr. Dugmore does not write with skill; loose constructions, an amateurish fondness for epithets, and an occasional grammatical slip indicate that he communicates with us more eloquently by means of his camera than by means of his pen. But what he lacks in skill is in a measure compensated by his evident pleasure in talking about his hobby—photography and the study of wild life. He sometimes manifests, too, a sense of humor that makes one wonder whether he is not aware of the incongruity between his preaching against the killing of wild creatures and his shooting "a nice fat yearling" deer to furnish food for his agreeable climb up Mt. Katahdin. Throughout the book instruction is pleasantly—often accidentally—interwoven with the author's account of his excursions. Only a few pages, we must confess, are devoted to a direct discussion of out-of-doors photography, and these pages are far from thorough.

Drama and Music

The Evolution of the English Drama up to Shakespeare, with a History of the First Blackfriars Theatre: A Survey Based upon Original Records now for the First Time Collected and Published. By Charles William Wallace. Berlin: Georg Reimer.

When, four years ago, Dr. Wallace published his "Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars, 1597-1603," students of the Elizabethan stage generally were unaware of the existence of an earlier theatre at Blackfriars, although, as it now turns out, documentary evidence to that effect had been accessible in print for nearly thirty years—in the Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission for 1879. Moreover, Dr. Wallace's

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treatise just named contained no allusion to the matter. The first intimation of the existence of such a theatre to the world of scholarship at large came in the form of a letter in the *Daily Chronicle* for December 22, 1911, from Prof. Albert Feuillerat, describing certain documents relating to this subject which he had found among the Loseley MSS. These documents Professor Feuillerat published in full last year in the Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, so that, as far as the Blackfriars is concerned, the phrase "based upon original records now for the first time collected and published" in the title of the present work is not quite accurate. Furthermore, Dr. Wallace here asserts that he had come upon the essential documents proving the existence of the earlier Blackfriars before the publication of his first volume. We do not wish to enter into the unpleasant controversy between these scholars over the question of priority of discovery which, having run its course in the *Athenæum*, may be taken up elsewhere. It would be manifestly unfair to pass judgment in the case until the arguments on both sides have been heard in full. It is carrying the spirit of controversy pretty far, however, when, but for one brief mention, Dr. Wallace excludes from his volume the name of Professor Feuillerat, who, of course, stands in the front rank of living investigators in this field.

The thesis of Dr. Wallace's work is that the real origin of the Elizabethan drama is to be sought in the dramatic entertainments at court, not in the school-drama or other forms. These court performances influenced the popular drama throughout the Tudor period, when the personality of the sovereign loomed so large, but the decisive event in bringing the influence of the court directly to bear on the popular stage was the founding of the first Blackfriars under the management of Richard Farrant, in the latter part of 1576. Here the Children of the Chapel Royal, who were accustomed to act before the Queen, gave what were virtually public performances, and thus came into direct rivalry with the popular stages. The playwrights who purveyed dramatic entertainment for the court were, of course, superior in literary quality to their rivals, and their competition tended to raise the whole level of dramatic production. Moreover, when in 1584 the first Blackfriars theatre came to an end, the court-dramatists found themselves compelled to write for the popular stages, in order to gain a livelihood —hence the transformation of the drama, in a literary sense, which we observe about that year.

From this simple statement of Dr. Wallace's theory it is evident that, whether eventually accepted or not, it is at any rate an ingenious and, at first blush, very plausible solution of the questions at issue. Apart from the influence here ascribed to the Blackfriars theatre, however, the theory is not so absolutely novel as one might imagine from its author's claims. In his "John Lyly" Professor Feuillerat laid stress on the importance of court influence in the development of the Elizabethan drama, and in his treatise, "Le Bureau des menus-plaisirs et la mise en scène à la Cour d'Elizabeth" (1910), he says explicitly: "Il n'est pas exagéré de prétendre qu'à l'office des Revels est dû en partie le magnifique essor que prit le théâtre pendant le règne d'Elizabeth." If we omit here the words, "en partie," we have a succinct statement of the thesis of Dr. Wallace's book, and it still remains to be proved that the qualification which they imply is unnecessary. The whole tendency of Professor Feuillerat's work, indeed, has been to bring into prominence this neglected factor in the evolution of the Elizabethan drama. He has never advanced, however, to the extreme position which Dr. Wallace has now assumed, and in that sense the theory elaborated in the present treatise is unquestionably novel.

From the nature of Professor Wallace's investigations which have centred upon the Blackfriars theatre, we should not, perhaps, be surprised that his book takes the form of an *ex parte* argument. But, on his own showing, before the reign of Elizabeth the number of plays acted at court which were neither moralities nor mere pageants or masques was not very large, and it seems very unlikely that such scattered performances should have had the decisive influence which he ascribes to them. The *Zeitgeist* affected the people as well as their sovereign, and the itinerant companies, so numerous even in Henry VIII's reign, who had to devise almost daily entertainment for a livelihood, were much more likely to develop a dramatic expression of it independently than to take their cue from rare court performances. In any event, the other side of the question requires a presentation which is not given here.

Dr. Wallace's idea that the English drama was liberated from religious and didactic tendencies exclusively through court influences might be erroneous without diminishing the value of his theory as to the part which the first Blackfriars played in transforming the quality of dramatic production about the year 1584. The discovery that this theatre, with its court dramatists, was competing for popular favor during the years 1576-1584 introduces undeniably a new element into the problem, but in this case, too, the evidence hardly justifies, we believe, so sweeping an assumption. The elevation of the Elizabethan drama depended on Marlowe and Greene, who wrote altogether for the popular stage, at least as much as on Lyly, who wrote for the court; but can any one affirm that these writers would not have taken to play-writing, if they had not had the example of Lyly before them? Incidentally, Dr. Wallace endeavors to depress the dates of Lyly's "Campaspe" and "Sapho and Phao" and of Peele's "Arraignment of Paris," so as to fit in with his theory as to the radical change which took place in the drama about 1584. But Professor Feuillerat has given satisfactory reasons for dating even the later of Lyly's two plays early in 1582, and we know nothing positively concerning the date of "The Arraignment of Paris," except that it was produced after the publication of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" (end of 1579) and at least as early as 1584 (since it was published in that year), so that the current dating, 1581, is as likely to be correct as Dr. Wallace's.

Even the earlier part of this work contains much debatable matter, apart from its main thesis—as, for instance, in the transference to William Cornish of certain plays hitherto attributed to John Heywood, Edwards's authorship of "Misogonus," etc., but whatever may be the ultimate fate of Dr. Wallace's theories as to the general evolution of the English drama, or as to questions of detail, there can be no doubt that his treatise is one of the first importance, and that it is likely to determine the direction of investigation in this particular subject for some time to come. We have here a careful history of the dramatic activity at court, especially from the beginning of Henry VIII's reign down, supported at every point by a liberal citation of the original records. Even in regard to the first Blackfriars theatre the author has added considerable documentary material to that published by Professor Feuillerat, and his account of this theatre is a contribution of high value to the history of the Elizabethan stage. The same thing may be said of the Table of Plays and Masks given before Queen Elizabeth, 1558-1585, and the list of Payments for Plays at Court during the same period. The list is compiled from the Declared Accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber, the duplicate accounts of the Pipe Office and the registers of the Privy Council. In the *Modern Language Review* for October, 1906, E. K. Chambers was the first to point out in an article on the subject that these records constituted the only proper basis for such a list. We are surprised that Dr. Wallace does not mention this fact.

We conclude this review with a correction of detail: "The Buggbears" is not accessible only in Grabau's edition. The play is included in R. W. Bond's "Early Plays from the Italian" (1911).

Edward Sheldon's latest play, "Romance," produced in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, differs

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from his earlier works in form rather than in character. Although it asserts itself to be romantic, it is, in its principal scenes, ultra-melodramatic. The story in itself might be romantic if it were not for the ugliness of some of its details. An old bishop, wishing to prevent his grandson from hastily marrying an actress, sets out to tell him in a prologue how in his youth he had a bitter but salutary experience in an entanglement with a prima donna. Then the scene changes and the bishop's story is acted out as the play proper. In it the young clergyman, model of all the virtues, and the singer, possessed of all the graces, conceive a mutual passion at first sight. The extravagance of the introduction—which involves some scandalous reflections upon the morals of early New York society—is maintained throughout. When the simple parson would marry the singer, the latter, loving him too well to deceive him, confesses that her life has always been wayward and that she is even now the mistress of the banker at whose house he had met her. Greatly shocked, he abandons the idea of marriage, but, in his capacity of priest, strives to convert her from the error of her ways. She promises to live purely hereafter, but in a farewell scene, in which he suspects her wrongfully, his passion overcomes his spirituality, and it is the woman who has to recall him to a sense of his responsibilities, his conscience being quickened by the sound of his choir singing hymns in a midnight procession. Here Mr. Sheldon has brought into successful combination such effective melodramatic elements as an erring parson, a repentant Magdalen, musical charm, and religious sentiment, with no regard for anything but theatrical necessities. In the end the parson retires in chastened spirit, to marry the girl to whom he had long been engaged. In an epilogue the grandson, having heard this story, announces his decision of marrying his actress without delay. The play has a certain freshness and inventiveness, with several scenes which will please the crowd, but like its predecessors is weakened by the extravagance of its details.

A catalogue of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University has been printed, with an introductory chapter by Brander Matthews. Although the Museum is only in its infancy, the list of models (completed or in preparation) of the ancient Greek and Roman theatres, of the mediæval French, English, Italian, and Spanish stages and of contemporary theatrical mechanism, makes an imposing appearance. Professor Matthews, in his preface, indicates the lines along which he hopes the institution will be developed. He writes:

Besides a collection of models of the more significant theatres, a dramatic museum ought to possess also a large collection of views of theatres, floor-plans, elevations, and cross-sections, with drawings of the interior during an actual performance, in so far as these exist. It would have full sets of the illustrations prepared by artists of all nations for the works of the great dramatic poets, especially Shakespeare and Molière. It should seek out assiduously all the engravings of court-processions, royal entrances, allegorical tourneys, and the like, which are often useful in throwing light on the evolution of the masque in England and of the comédie-ballet in France. It again should collect every possible portrait of actors in costume, for the history of stage-costume (although not so completely neglected as the history of scene-painting) has an importance of its own. It should be the duty of such an institution to collect, to set in order, and to display to advantage the iconography of the drama. It should place at the disposal of the student all the graphic material likely to be of use to him—material which the historians of the drama have not yet utilized to the full. To accompany the accumulated illustrations, showing how certain plays were performed in the theatre at certain periods, there also should be a collection, not only of such "acting editions" of these plays as may have been published, but also of the prompt-books prepared for the use of the stage-manager, and existing only in manuscript.

The announcement that Charles Frohman is to present a revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" next season, with an all-American company, headed by John Drew as Benedick, is interesting on more accounts than one. Old playgoers will be glad to welcome Mr. Drew's return to the brilliant Shakespearean comedy in which he once shared honors with Ada Rehan, and some of them, perhaps, will speculate on the height he might now have occupied as an actor had he continued along that line of development upon which Augustin Daly started him, during the past twenty years—the prime of his professional existence. In the formation of his all-American company, Mr. Frohman will be able to realize the extent to which the syndicate system has exterminated competent Shakespearean performers. His selection will be watched with curiosity. When perfected, it ought, in any case, to give assurance against those varieties of intonations and dialects which have offended fastidious ears in some modern revivals. There is cause for reflection, too, in the sudden ardor for the Shakespearean drama manifested in theatrical circles. It is to be found even among the promoters of the moving-pictures, who are relieved of the responsibility of teaching their actors how to deliver the text, and how to suit the word to the action. What with the spectacular condensations of Sir Herbert Tree, the verbatim representations of Granville Barker's "The Winter's Tale" and "Twelfth Night," and the regular performances of Robert Mantell, Julia Marlowe, and E. H. Sothern, New York will, for once, feast full on poetic drama.

An experiment will soon be made in London with a Welsh play, enacted by Welsh actors. It is called "The Joneses."

Sir Herbert Tree is paying a flying visit to Russia, his object being an inspection of the New Theatre, in Moscow, which has the reputation of being one of the most perfectly equipped playhouses—for artistic purposes—in the world.

The Archbishop of Munich has condemned Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," on the ground that its libretto is an affront to religion.

The London *Times* refers to "the indefatigable Mr. Grainger," as one who "seems ready to provide a continuous stream of British folk-music settings."

Charles Manners is organizing two companies to sing Wagner's four Nibelung operas in English throughout the United Kingdom next season. He is convinced that the "Ring" "will be played by nearly every opera company in England, and if English conductors do not look out there will be the usual rush of foreigners to do the work."

The number of concerts heard in Germany last year is given as 2,440. The works performed reached a total of 15,512, about one-half of which (7,533) were by German composers, who numbered 374. France was represented by 98 composers, Italy by 94. Of the other composers, 136 were Austrian, 51 Belgian, 41 British, 36 Russian, 28 Swedish, 26 Dutch, 25 Danish, 17 Swiss, 17 American, 10 Polish, 10 Norwegian, 8 Spanish.

Monte Carlo will again precede Paris in producing what promises to be an interesting operatic novelty—Charpentier's "Julien." *Julien* is the name of the hero of the same composer's "Louise," to which the new opera is a sequel. Charpentier has been elected to the Académie des Beaux Arts to fill the place left vacant by the death of Massenet.

Art

A NEW SCULPTOR.

There is no rarer or more delightful sensation than the recognition of a new and genuine talent. This sensation I have experienced at the present exhibition of the Architectural League. What is known as the Academy's Room at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society is, for this exhibition, given over to work from the American Academy in Rome, and among the things there exhibited is a group of some ten pieces of sculpture by Paul H. Manship, a young man who has just returned to this country after the close of his three years' study at the Roman school. The group consists of a high relief in plaster, a plaster statue of heroic size, a bronze fountain figure a little smaller than life, five or six little groups or statuettes, and a commemorative medallion—enough to give one some clear notion of a personality still in the making but already full of originality and charm.

The high relief, entitled The Woodland Dance, is, I should judge, the earliest of the pieces exhibited. It represents a capering centaur and a dancing nymph, and is competent naturalistic work; the figures, almost in the round and semi-detached from the ground, like those in a classic metope, are well modelled, the composition is successful, and the characterization of the heads is pleasant and slightly humorous. But the manner shows no particular individuality, and the only thing that distinguishes this production from that of almost any other clever young sculptor is the entire absence of the influence of Rodin—an influence found nearly everywhere to-day.

The heroic statue, or group, The Mask of Silenus, pleases me less than Mr. Manship's other works. The idea of the masked figure is ingenious, and the half-frightened child is well done, but the modelling seems less solid and thorough than in other things, and the

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archaistic treatment of certain details has an ambiguous effect. One is left wondering if the face under the mask is not like the mask itself, as, apparently, it should be to agree with these details. I do not know if this statue is, in reality, earlier in date than the little groups, but it looks like the first fruits of Mr. Manship's interest in archaic Greek sculpture and a tentative effort to appropriate its piquancy.

The little groups and statuettes, Centaur and Maid, Lyric Muse, Motherhood, Playfulness, etc., seem to me almost uniformly successful and charming. Here there is no confusion and uncertainty; these satyrs and centaurs are not wearing archaic masks; it is their own faces that are archaistically treated, and the figures themselves are simplified in a manner which reminds one of the sculptures of Ægina, and which harmonizes admirably with the elaborately plaited draperies and the conventional treatment of the hair. Yet these groups are full of the direct observation of life and of an essential modernity. The archaism is, after all, only the acceptance of a method and a limit, as if one should choose to write a *ballade* or a *chant royal*, but to express one's own mind in it. And to see this archaistic manner applied to figures with a quite unarchaic freedom of movement, doing things that no archaic sculptor would have thought of making them do, is oddly exhilarating. Perhaps the best of them all is the Playfulness; the slim young mother with the wide-open archaic eye, slightly uptilted at the corners, gayly playing at ride-a-cock-horse with the baby.

These are minor works, with a distinctly sub-humorous intention, and the peculiarity of method seems to me a quite legitimate way of attaining the desired effect. They do not seem to me to be, as one of the newspaper critics has called them, "extremely mannered." Rather they seem the experiments of a young man in search of his manner—a young man who has, fortunately, an eye for the art of the past as well as for the nature of all times, and who is not willing to submit himself to the dominating influence of his own time. And if the mixed style he has employed in them should harden into a premature mannerism, as I do not believe it will, it would, at least, have the merit of being his own mannerism, not that weak reflection of the mannerism of Rodin which seems to be the stock in trade of most of our younger sculptors.

Yet if these statuettes were all that Mr. Manship had to offer, I should, much as I like them, be less confident of his future than I am inclined to be. It is in his fountain figure, The Duck Girl, that he shows what he can really do. If this be not the latest of his works, it is certainly the best, the most thoroughly considered and completed; and the fact that he has put it into bronze would lead one to think that he so regards it. Here there is very little archaism; only that degree of restraint which marks the best sculptural tradition. The hair is elaborated into little rings, and the ivy crown lies flat to the head; the drapery is slightly formalized and stiffened; the modelling of the whole figure is simplified, and the accents are everywhere kept slight. In these things it reminds one of the best Pompeian bronzes, and, as in these bronzes, everything is there under the simplified contours. This is living flesh and tissue, the movement profoundly studied, each bone and muscle and tendon in its place and functioning under the smooth skin. The figure, with its large hip and slender yet well developed bust, is probably that of some precocious Italian girl of to-day; the lovely head, which reminds us vaguely of many things seen before, is apparently a refined portrait. We are as far from the mechanically constructed pseudo-classic ideal as from vulgar realism. Finally, the composition of line and mass is admirable, especially in the way the wing of the duck falls upon the girl's thigh, and the ornament, with its conventionalized fishes' heads for spouts, is delightful. It seems to me an original work of true classic inspiration, which the ancients themselves would have cared for as I do.

Will this new sculptor fulfil his promise? Can he go on, clarifying and defining his style, his talent becoming stronger and more supple, until he stands forth indubitably a master? It is dangerous to prophesy, and we have all been often disappointed. The ugly duckling who develops into a swan is less common than the cygnet who turns out, after all, to be a goose. But, to me at least, Mr. Manship presents so swan-like an aspect that I shall watch his future with the deepest interest, and shall hope that he will prove to have the enduring patience, the indefatigable industry, the high seriousness of purpose, which are, no less than the talent which he assuredly possesses, necessary to the making of a great artist.

KENYON COX.

The Works of Ruskin. Library Edition. 39 volumes in large 8vo, illustrated. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. London: George Allen & Co. Edition limited to two thousand copies.

When Mr. Cook and Mr. Wedderburn began printing the Library Edition of Ruskin ten years ago, the fullest edition lacked thirty titles of being complete. Meanwhile considerable publications of Ruskin's works, especially letters, have added to the responsibilities of the editors as their work progressed. To realize the enormous difficulties of editing Ruskin critically one need only recall that his literary activities began at six, and that he was publishing at eleven. Mr. Cook reckons the titles of books, pamphlets, and articles which are bibliographically desirable for a Ruskin collector at two thousand seven hundred and fifty. This was the raw material for the editors. To such inherent difficulties of a copious and widely scattered production Ruskin added the especial embarrassment of radically revised texts. The first and second volumes of "Modern Painters" were thoroughly overhauled, the changes involving considerable transpositions and excisions. "Sesame and Lilies" has appeared with three different prefaces, and in certain editions lacks a chapter. In this Library Edition one may read for the first time all the material that Ruskin prepared for this famous work. An additional care for the editors, and naturally also a great resource, was the enormous accumulation of manuscript materials. Ruskin's father kept every scrap of the writing of the gifted son, and a complete Ruskin, in the sense in which the Weimar Edition is a complete Goethe, would probably run to sixty such volumes as we are reviewing. Finally, Ruskin's extreme fastidiousness about the illustration and format of his books laid an especial class of duties upon a publisher and editors who were his disciples and friends. Upon the successful discharge of duties so variously delicate and onerous, these gentlemen are most heartily to be congratulated.

As to the text, the editors have systematically preferred the author's last revision; but they have entered all various readings, and in appendices have restored suppressed passages. At first blush one is tempted to doubt if this enormous task were really necessary, and yet Ruskin's retouching of his text is invariably instructive, and few of the passages which for one reason or another he withdrew are negligible. On the whole, we feel that students will approve the thoroughness of the editors. In fact, there is much to be said for dispatching such textual matters, once for all, and by the most competent hands. If literary executors would generally take this ambitious view of their functions, it would save the world much piecemeal and ineffectual pedantry. The tendency of certain critics to upbraid the editors for their exhaustive presentation of variants seems to us ungrateful. After all, nobody has to read the variants, and in due time popular editions will succeed what will remain for students and libraries the definitive edition.

If the editors have been absolutists in the treatment of the text, in the handling of unpublished material they have been wisely opportunistic. Their canon is the published work of Ruskin, but

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they have freely drawn upon unpublished material in notes, and especially in the biographical introductions provided for each work. These introductions are a most valuable feature of the Library Edition. Whoever knows Mr. Cook's and Mr. Wedderburn's memoirs of Ruskin does not need to be told that these running introductions are not merely diligently compiled, but also written with taste and insight.

Besides the letters and other unpublished material thus used there are two thick volumes containing the most essential letters, with a calendar containing extracts of minor letters which seemed worthy of preservation. There is another volume of bibliography with a complete list of Ruskin's drawings. The last volume, of nearly seven hundred pages, is given up to a general index. Upon this, one is tempted to expatiate. It enables one to find the way topically through the maze of Ruskin's writings. For example, the index article on Turner runs to twenty-seven pages, fifty-four columns, arranged under twenty-four well-chosen heads. For his neglect of Velasquez, Ruskin has never ceased to be ridiculed. But the index shows more than sixty entries under that name. Such articles as Painting (three columns) and Political Economy (four and a half) are treasure trove for the investigator. And the index reveals quite as clearly the limitations of the man. You will seek in vain for such names as Corot, Théodore Rousseau, Millet, Manet. In compensation, Kate Greenaway, to be sure, a friend and correspondent, requires a column. Such analytical articles are in addition to the usual registration of names and things, while the more important separate works retain their especial indices.

Concerning illustrations the editors have adopted the policy of reproducing all the original cuts, and they have added as well one hundred and seventy-six drawings by Ruskin, previously unpublished. Other new illustrations have been added with wise economy. To have included well-known pictures and buildings would have swelled the bulk of the volumes inordinately. Color illustrations have usually been freshly reproduced by the chromo-lithographic process. These facsimiles are generally more satisfactory than the famous illustrations in the original editions, but in some cases the plates suggest that the drawings themselves must have faded. The editors have even availed themselves of a few unused coppers by Ruskin's hand. Thus the Library Edition must be registered bibliographically among first editions. Every volume contains a facsimile page of the original manuscript. Even Ruskin's few musical compositions have been duly collected. In the make of the books Ruskin's own preferences and the tradition of the house of Allen have been faithfully followed. The stately octavos are on fine paper with a type-face clear, distinguished, and without affectation. The whole enterprise is a noble monument to a noble personality. It becomes immediately indispensable to libraries and students, and it is hard to imagine a day when this Library Edition will be superseded.

In two recent letters to the London *Times*, Mr. Thomas Ashby, director of the British School in Rome, gives a full account of the archæological research carried on in Italy during the year 1912. Many of the discoveries he enumerates have been noted in the *Nation* from time to time; but some have not been generally known and deserve special mention here. The work done in Rome itself is for the most part familiar; the only fresh item of interest concerns the researches of Dr. Fritz Weege in the ruins of the Golden House of Nero. An important part of this palace was, as is well known, covered in Roman times by the substructions of a very large set of public baths, which until the last twenty years bore the name of Baths of Titus, but are now known to have been erected my Trajan. The rooms of Nero's palace, with their beautiful paintings, were closed in and rendered inaccessible by the massive foundation walls of the later structure, which was superimposed on them; but they became known early in the Renaissance, and were studied by artists, such as Raphael and Giovanni da Udine. Some of the rooms have always been accessible to the ordinary visitor; but in these the frescoes are much faded and blackened by the smoke of torches; while others have remained unseen since the eighteenth century, though, as in the case of the frescoes on the Palatine, drawings and engravings existed, which gave some idea of their general character. Dr. Weege has fortunately been able to explore these rooms, and found the paintings in a very good state of preservation. The Italian authorities accepted his proposal that they should completely clear the most easily accessible of the rooms containing a painting identified as Hector and Andromache. The work is now nearly completed, and the results are of such importance that it may be hoped that the other rooms will in time be laid bare; for we shall then have a unique example of the decoration of the palaces of imperial Rome in the first century A. D.

Mr. Ashby also records discoveries at Cumæ and Calabria. The work at Cumæ was begun by Professor Gabrici, who found on the lower terrace of the Acropolis traces of a pre-Hellenic settlement, which seems to have lasted until the eighth century B. C., and also the platform of a large temple, approached by a winding road; below it are massive walls which apparently served the double purpose of support to the terrace and defence of the citadel. The temple belongs to the first century A. D., and was hexastyle, with ten columns on each side. It is not yet certain whether the temple was dedicated to Jupiter or to Apollo.

The official accounts are now available of excavations carried on by Professor Orsi in Calabria in 1910. At Locri Epizephyrii a necropolis was explored, in which, owing to the absence of suitable stone for sarcophagi, large tiles were used for the burial of the bodies. Above 250 tombs were found, placed extremely close together and extending over three centuries, from about 550 B. C. to about 250 B. C. It was not rich, and no vases of special note were discovered; but a number of fine bronze mirror-handles were found. A large Doric temple was also brought to light, with numerous fragments of its terra-cotta decorations, belonging apparently to the second quarter of the fifth century B. C., and a small sanctuary of Athena was excavated. The famous Temple of Hera, on the Lacinian promontory, near Croton, was explored. The wall of enclosure of the *peribolos* was found, with a fortified entrance to it from the great road which led to the temple from Croton, belonging apparently to the period of the Roman Republic. Of the temple itself very little is left, except the one column which still stands close to the shore and is in danger of being destroyed by the waves. Architectural and decorative fragments of marble and terra-cotta were dug up. Remains of a bathing establishment of the Roman period, with a fine mosaic pavement, were found near by.

The exploration of prehistoric cemeteries in various parts of Italy still continues, and the wealth of material of this nature is continually on the increase. A large cremation cemetery, of the Bronze Age apparently, has recently been found in the Central Apennines, within the ancient Picanum. Excavations have also been carried on at various cemeteries in Etruria, notably near Leprignano, close to the site of the ancient Capena, where important discoveries had already been made in past years; while Professor Taramelli has prepared a long report on the discovery of an important Phœnician necropolis at Cagliari, in Sardinia.

John George Brown, artist, painter of The Passing Show and other pictures in which bootblacks and newsboys figured, died Saturday at his home in New York. He was born in 1831, in the County of Durham, north of England, and his boyhood was passed in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he served seven years' apprenticeship in learning the glass trade. Some years later, while working in a glass factory in Edinburgh, he carried on art studies at the Royal Academy, under Robert Scott Lauder. In 1853 he went to London, where he supported himself by drawing and painting portraits. Shortly afterward, on hearing Henry Russell singing an immigrant song, he determined to come to America. Soon after his arrival here, he began to specialize in painting street boys. The first work to attract wide attention was His First Cigar. In 1860 he had pictures on exhibition for the first time at the National Academy of Design. The following year he was made an Academician for his picture, Curling in Central Park, which was painted for Robert Gordon. In 1869 he was elected president of the Academy. He also served as president of the American Water Color Society and the Artist Fund Society.

Among the best-known of Brown's pictures are The Passing Show, The Dress Pa-

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rade, The Three (Scape) Graces, The 'Longshoreman's Noon, A Merry Air and a Sad Heart, The Thrilling Moment, The Old Folks at Home, A Jolly Lot, What Say?, Silent Supplication, When We Were Girls, Training the Dog, The Gang, At the Cottage Door, The Stump Speech, and Grand Menan Fishermen Pulling for the Shore. His output of work was large, between twenty and thirty paintings a year. Many of these have never been seen except by a few who happened to drop in on the painter while he was at work on them.

Finance

REFORMING THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

After prolonged discussion, in and out of the press, the expected bills to reform Stock Exchange procedure were introduced in the Albany Legislature last week. A little while ago, it was expected that measures prohibiting "short sales" and requiring incorporation of the Stock Exchange would be included. In the event, those subjects were not touched. The bill on which attention really focussed was a measure to prohibit and punish "manipulation." It provided that any one who raises or lowers prices of stocks "by means of pretended purchases and sales thereof, or by any other fictitious transactions or devices," whereby "no simultaneous change of ownership or interest therein is effected," shall be punished by $5,000 fine or two years' imprisonment, or both. The same afternoon, the Stock Exchange governing committee adopted a rule that any member of the Exchange or of any firm with such membership, who "shall give, or with knowledge execute, orders for the purchase or sale of securities which would involve no change of ownership," may be suspended from the Exchange for a period of twelve months.

Supposing the Albany bill against manipulation enacted into law—an entirely plausible supposition—and supposing the law to act as a positive deterrent on the offences at which it is aimed, what would the reformed Stock Exchange be like? The truth is, that the New York stock market has drifted so far from what it used to be, and from what any other great stock exchange in the world now is, that it is not entirely easy to draw the picture. In their moments of frankness, most observant members of the New York Stock Exchange would probably confess that the patronage of the institution has been narrowing down more and more, in recent years, first to a group of immensely wealthy outside capitalists who mark prices up or down through a mixture of brute force, gambling machinery, and Peter Funk auction methods, and secondly, to a not particularly wealthy mob of individual speculators, who try to follow such operations and usually leave their money behind them.

It is an old tradition of Wall Street that a market will never grow really active unless it has "great leaders." There have been in the past long stretches of inactivity when it was common complaint that the leaders were all gone. Yet somehow it always happened, after such intervals, that new and fundamental reasons for sweeping changes in values suddenly appeared, and then a new generation of Leaders came into the limelight. Thus it was never quite certain whether the leaders created the market or the market the leaders.

It must be admitted that, even in the days of the Jim Fisks and Jay Goulds, the general public was indulgent to the exploits of those celebrities. There was at least a spice of excitement about it. The financial pages of the afternoon papers were absorbing reading, and not infrequently the achievements of these high financiers of the Stock Exchange appropriated a "three-decker head" and a "column story" on the outside page. Only ten years ago, John W. Gates and his associates occupied, in the mind of the simple reader of the news, a place not unlike that which the lanzknechts and border chieftains filled in the minds of honest civilians of an older century. Probably, also, much of the interest with which the public followed such careers arose from its knowledge that the adventurers in question were throwing their private fortunes into the wild game of chance, and stood to win or lose everything themselves on the turn of a day's market.

Whether because of the latter-day "coordination" of this industry, along with others, or because of the mere "concentration of capital," or because fiduciary institutions began, here and there, to put stock speculation in the front of banking science—whatever the cause, a change undoubtedly came over this pleasing avocation. Something of the sense of monotony and dulness which pervades a manufacturing trade, when a ten-million-dollar company, equipped with scientific management, supersedes the old-fashioned hand-worker and individual employer, began to surround this new and calculated manipulation. Evils and vices of the old régime of professional speculation were retained, but none of the element of picturesque personal achievement. The groups with one foot in a bank directors' office and the other in the stock market seemed (at least in Wall Street's suspicious eyes) to perpetuate most of what was obnoxious in the old-time freebooters of the market, while discarding all their dramatic interest. Robin Hood and his merry men were absorbed and replaced by the Interurban Highway Operators' Corporation, a holding company.

But all this transformation leaves the question open whether, from the point of view of any one save the participants in this new order of Stock Exchange manipulation, anything will be lost by obstructing the process altogether. Wall Street itself is well aware that even brokers' commissions are charily distributed under the up-to-date plan of doing things, while, as for the general outside public, that has long since been convinced that the dice on the table are nowadays loaded, not only by secret inside knowledge of company affairs, but by connections with powerful financial groups and institutions, in case the individual part of the experiment goes wrong. In consequence, not only have people at large lost faith in the Stock Exchange as a fair and open market, but a dead hand has even been laid on popular interest in the course of prices as an expression of the business community's sober judgment of the future. Perhaps, therefore, the mere fact of rehabilitation of the Stock Exchange, in the eyes of the thrifty and respectable outside public, might make the present crusade against manipulation worth the while.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, C. G., and Aldrich, L. B. Smithsonian Pyrheliometry Revised. Smithsonian Institution of Washington.

Aplington, K. A. Pilgrims of the Plains. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co. $1.25 net.

Ashes of Incense: A Novel. By the author of "Mastering Flame." Mitchell Kennerley. $1.20 net.

Balla, Ignatius. The Romance of the Rothschilds. Putnam. $3 net.

Baker, Alfred. Life of Sir Isaac Pitman. Centenary edition, revised. Isaac Pitman & Sons. $1.

Baldwin, F. C. The Homing Instinct. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.

Balzac's Gobseck et Jésus-Christ en Flandre. Edited by R. T. Holbrook. Frowde. 60 cents.

Bligh, S. M. Social Therapeutics. Frowde.

Catalogue of Newspaper Files in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Second edition. Madison.

Choisy, L.-F. Alfred Tennyson. Paris: Librairie H. Champion.

Corbin, Alice. The Spinning Woman of the Sky: Poems. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co. 60 cents.

Curtis, E. S. The Book of Judges. Macmillan. 75 cents net.

Foundations: A Statement of Christian Belief in Terms of Christian Thought: By Seven Oxford Men. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Grillparzer's Libussa. Edited, with notes, by G. O. Curme. Frowde. 60 cents.

Haggard, H. Rider. Child of Storm. Longmans. $1.35 net.

Hall, E. H. Excavations in Eastern Crete, Sphoungaras. Philadelphia: Univ. of Pennsylvania.

Hamilton, Cosmo. The Blindness of Virtue. Doran. $1 net.

Hanshew, T. W. Cleek, the Man of the Forty Faces. Cassell. $1.25 net.

Hartog, Marcus. Problems of Life and Reproduction. Putnam.

Heiberg, Neils. White-Ear and Peter: The Story of a Fox and a Fox Terrier. Colored plates by Cecil Aldin. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Hinkley, J. W. A Narrative of Service with the Third Wisconsin Infantry. Wisconsin History Commission.

Historical Records and Studies. Vol. VI, Part II, December, 1912. U. S. Catholic Historical Society.

Hornung, E. W. Witching Hill. Scribner. $1.25 net.

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Hughes, Rupert. The Lady Who Smoked Cigars. Desmond Fitzgerald. 50 cents net.
Iles, George. Leading American Inventors. Holt. $1.75 net.
Jones, D. D. Lyric Diction for Singers, Actors, and Public Speakers. Harper. $1.25 net.
Jordan, W. G. The Song and the Soil; or, the Missionary Idea in the Old Testament. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Jourdain, E. F. French Classical Drama. Frowde.
Journals of the Continental Congress. Vol. XX, 1781, pages 437-776. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Keller, Ernest. Eusèbe, Historien des Persécutions. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher,
King, Scobe. The Conquest of Ines Ripley. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co.
Litchfield, G. D. The Burning Question. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Lodge, Oliver. Modern Problems. Doran. $2 net.
Loeb Classical Library. Lucian. Vol. I. Translated by A. M. Harmon. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Lucas, C. P. Greater Rome and Greater Britain. Frowde.
Lucas, E. V. British Pictures and Their Painters. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Luciani's Human Physiology. Trans. by F. A. Welby. Vol. II, Internal Secretion, Digestion, Excretion, The Skin. Macmillan. $5.25 net.
Lysiæ Orationes. Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis. Frowde.
McDavid, M. O. The Children of the Meadows. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.25 net.
McDowell, W. F. A Man's Religion: Letters to Men. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.
M'Hardy, Geo. The Higher Powers of the Soul. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Macy, A. W. Curious Bits of History. Cosmopolitan Press. $1 net.
Moffatt, James. The Theology of the Gospels. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Morison, E. F. St. Basil and His Rule. Frowde.
Most Popular Songs for Every Occasion. Selected and arranged by G. C. Noble. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.
Ogg, F. A. The Governments of Europe. Macmillan. $3 net.
Ordish, T. F. Shakespeare's London. New edition. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Oxford English Dictionary. Ti-Tombac. (Vol. X.) Frowde. $1.25.
Pidgin, C. F. The House of Shame. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.25 net.
Pierson, E. B. D. When Things Go Wrong. Cosmopolitan Press. 40 cents.
Prehn, August. Guide to a Scientific Study of the German Vocabulary. Frowde. 75 cents.
Princess Mary's Locked Book. Anonymous. Cassell. $1 net.
Pryce, Richard. Elementary Jane. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Riley, W. Windyridge. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Sanders, H. A. The Washington Manuscript of the Four Gospels. (Univ. of Michigan Studies, Humanistic Series, Vol. IX.) Macmillan.
Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor. (Tudor edition.) Macmillan. 35 cents net.
"Simmie." Anthony and Hero, and Short Stories. New Haven: F. Simon.
Souter, Alexander. The Text and Canon of the New Testament. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Spencer, A. G. Woman's Share in Social Culture. Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.
Stalker, James. The Psalm of Psalms. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Strindberg, August. Plays: Comrades, Facing Death, Pariah, Easter. Boston: Luce & Co. $1.50 net.
Van Antwerp, W. C. The Stock Exchange from Within. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Walters, H. B. Church Bells of England. Frowde.
Weale, W. H. J. The Van Eycks and Their Art. Lane. $4 net.
Whitaker, Herman. The Mystery of the Barranca. Harper. $1.25 net.
Wisconsin War Governors: Messages and Proclamations. Wisconsin History Commission.
Yager, W. E. The Red Man as Soldier: The Onéota. Otsego (N. Y.) Pub. Co. 75 cents.

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